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McKean County Miner.

BURT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS—$1.2[illegible] Per Year

VOL. XXXV. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1898. NO. 5

We Sell Drugs If you want them. You are welcome whether you buy or not. E. P. Southwick & Co.

Official Directory

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Lieutenant Governor—Walter Lyon.
State Treasurer—James S. Beacom.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

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Judge of Election—Carl Sasse.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, Jno. Cramer.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SHERIDAN GORTON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. W[illegible] first story degree 1st meeting of each month, 2d degree on second, 3d degree on third and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
D. L. HAVEN, N. G.
H. M. CHOATE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 272, meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. O. PELTON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

Civilla Rebekah Lodge, No. 36, I. O. O. F., Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY I. LYMAN, N. G.
MAZIE DUNN, Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets First and Third Thursday evenings, of each month at 8 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
MRS. KATE L. WRIGHT, Prest.
MRS. ROSE PRINCE, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Keystone Encampment, No. 77, meet 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in Backus Hall.
R. L. KNAPP, Em. Com.
W. H. WETENHALL, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 181, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 8, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
WASHINGTON STARK, Com.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive No. 46. Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons.
MRS. ANNA B. GIFFORD, Com.
MISS MYRTLE GIFFORD, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 35, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Prest.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch No. 26 meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall.
JONATHAN COLEGROVE, Pres.
MRS. ADDIE E. STULL, Sec'y.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—J. T. WALKER, D. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young converts meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist.—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m. every Sunday evening. Covenant meeting Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m. and the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—J. HEBER McCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HEBER McCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 2:30 p. m. The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. Michael Flood, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sunday. Sunday School at 2:15 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. by Rev. T. R. Taylor.

Colegrove—REV. W. BURROWS, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. Class Meeting 10 a. m. and after evening preaching. Children's Meeting Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Clermont church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

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Cut Flowers for Weddings, Parties and Funerals.
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LOVE'S WISDOM

I have seen what the [illegible] have seen
As they gaze through [illegible]
Through the wind and [illegible] to the [illegible]
Pale face of the moon [illegible]
Bright flame of the [illegible]
I have seen what the [illegible] seen

Through the [illegible]
The brave [illegible]
Are pallid and [illegible] and fair
I have [illegible]
Of the [illegible]
Through the [illegible] spaces of air

I have known them—the [illegible]
And the [illegible]
Where all [illegible]
And a hush [illegible]
For I [illegible]
And I know what [illegible]
—[illegible]

BEN'S DIPLOMACY.

She stood on the back veranda making up the butter. The sleeves of her blue print gown were rolled up past her elbows, and her hands were yet swollen and red from the scalding and chilling process.

Suddenly there came a sharp knocking at the hall door, and a tall, stern featured woman thrust her head through the bathroom window, which looked out on the back veranda.

"There's some one at the door, Bessie," she said, and her whisper could have reached to the house front.

The girl hurried along the narrow passage, unrolling her right sleeve as she went, which was the one to be presented when the door should be opened.

"Good morning," she said as coldly as could be expected from one whose hopes had been raised by a shadow on a frosted pane and shattered by the opening of the door.

"Good morning," said the man at the doorstep, and his eyes smiled crookedwise at the knocker, which was the exact spot where her face was, according to his focus. "Good morning. I—I thought maybe you'd like some peas. They're quite young and fresh, and I've just pulled them."

"We've just got some," said the girl. "John always comes on Saturday."

"I thought maybe you'd have them," said the young man to the knocker, "but perhaps your mother [illegible]."

The door was pushed back and another face appeared above the girl's shoulder. The young man moved his eyes to a hole that had been made for a latch key.

"Good morning, Mrs. Stuart," he said eagerly. "I—I just [illegible] to see if Miss [illegible] would like some fresh young peas. I had a big crop of 'em this year."

"Why, of course Bessie will," said Mrs. Stuart, "and she's very much obliged to you for 'em. Aren't you, Bessie?"

"Yes, mother," [illegible] words seemed to come [illegible] shut teeth.

"What are you going to do with yourself on Sunday, Ben?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"I reckon I'm just going to stay at home by myself," said the young man, but an anxious shadow stole into his smile.

"You might as well drop in and take a cup of tea with us. Bessie and I will be alone," said Mrs. Stuart, her natural grimness climbing over her blandness.

"Thanks," he said, with alacrity. "I don't mind if I do."

When the hall door was closed, the two women took their way to the back veranda.

"I don't want his peas," Bessie said. "I hate them."

"No, you don't," said her stepmother in her clear cut voice. "You want 'em, and you're going to take 'em, and you're going to behave civil to him when he comes on Sunday."

"I'm not," said the girl, but weakness streaked her voice.

"Don't be a ninny," said her mother. "You'll have him when you're asked. And young Macalister's gone to Western Australia."

Sunday was ushered in with the singing of locusts. A cloudless blue sky dropped down from the heights to the horizon, and a hillside of gum gums stood stark, as if benumbed by the multitude of voices filling the air.

Bessie put on a white muslin gown and walked with her mother to church. Her hat was broad brimmed and drooped down over her face, the lace touches of her gown and headgear seeming to belong to her as the petals do to a rose.

Ben Stevens watched her through the service, his eyes hiding the secret of his truancy that his half turned head would have revealed.

He walked down the road with them afterward—that little cold girl separated from him by Mrs. Stuart and a whole wide world of indifference.

He sat through a tea meal by her side and talked to her mother about a weed which spoiled the milk, and he had eaten of soda bread and currant buns.

And now he was watching the moon come up through the trees, while a sort of uncouth bliss was surging in his heart.

"Wouldn't you rather go to church?" asked Bessie.

"No," he answered and let his eyes begin his story.

"I believe I left the canary on the dairy wall," she said and stood up.

"Never mind," said Ben, rising to tower above her.

"But the mosquitoes," she faltered.

"Never mind," he said again, and dropped his head to her level, blurting out a passionate love word into her ear.

"No—no—no!" she said.

"You're shy!" he said. "Now, aren't you? Oh, Bessie, I do love you so!"

A tall form emerged from the doorway.

"Shyness soon wears off," said Mrs. Stuart. "I suppose, Ben Stevens, you mean stealing my girl, hanging over her like this?"

"I love her," said the young man.

"When did you think of getting married?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"Soon's ever Bessie likes," said Ben.

"The end of the month 'ud be a good time," said Mrs. Stuart. "Wouldn't it, Bessie?"

The girl's face was in her hands. A fluttered word came from between the fingers.

"Then the end of the month," said Mrs. Stuart, "and now you'd better say good night. The girl's a bit overcome with the heat. Good night, Ben. Come again tomorrow."

Ben strode beyond her.

"Will you marry me, Bessie?" he asked sharply. "Let's hear you say it."

Mrs. Stuart smiled triumphantly in the darkness.

"Yes," faltered Bessie, with a roaming look.

And he snatched her in his arms and kissed her.

In the morning Ben was at work among his cabbages and peas, and the remembrance of that kiss was on him as he worked.

That evening there was a glorious dusk with a south wind. Ben, sawing wood, paused with the crescent saw half through a piece of timber and drew a horny hand across his forehead.

He was so far away that he quite started to hear a light footfall close beside him. He looked around, and there dawned an astounded expression and then a rapturous glow on his face.

"Bessie!" he exclaimed. "Bessie!"

He put out his arms. What more perfectly natural than that she should slip into them?

But she only smiled and shook her head.

"I've come to have a bit of a talk to you, Ben," she said, and a new consciousness of her power over this big, hulking fellow armed her with a strength which was only born in the course of [illegible] and which would have brought a smile to her stepmother's face.

"I don't quite know how to begin," she said, "but—but I don't believe you care extra much for me yet, do you, Ben? Not astonishingly much?"

"Don't I, though!" he burst out. "Look here, Bess, would you believe it, I've thought of you every moment of this blessed day. My word!"

She set her mouth. "Then if you care for me that much I can ask you to do something for me."

"Any mortal thing, my girl."

"You could give me up, couldn't you? Couldn't you? Couldn't you? Oh, Ben, I'm that miserable till you give me up and go and tell my mother that you don't want me! But, oh, Ben, don't let her know I told you! There's lots of other girls, and you don't want me, do you? Say you don't. Just say, 'I don't want you, Bessie.'"

He said it after her mechanically, watching her hands twitching nervously at his shirt sleeve.

"I don't want you, Bessie," he said, "and, by heavens, I won't have you if it's again your will!"

She stooped her head and her warm lips pressed a grateful kiss on his earth soiled wrist.

He told her mother about it, his eyes roaming restlessly about the parlor of Bessie's home.

On Sunday Bessie went to church and wore her big face hat and sat beside her mother.

Ben was on the opposite side of the aisle and farther down the church, but he could have looked at her if he had wished. He never once turned his head and Bessie watched him, even at prayers.

When the service was over, he stood up, head and shoulders above every one, and it appeared to Bessie his eyes were certainly on the door.

He raised his hat and passed out, holding his head high—an unconscious [illegible] pleasant. Presently she saw him striding down the road as though it all belonged to him as well as the home on its side.

Two months went by. Ben took up his measure of days and dealt with them as well as he was able. In the evenings, when the cabbages and the peas were carrying on their lives without him, when his washing up was done and the wind was stealing in the darkness around his home, then he used to wonder how he was ever going to take tomorrow into his hands.

He always took it, however, and it was always coming.

"We'd have had a fire of an evening," he said two months after he had given her up.

There seemed a tremendous amount of irony in cutting firewood, to his simple mind.

A light footstep sounded behind him. He started, and there dawned an astounded expression, then a rapturous glow on his face.

"Bessie!" he exclaimed. "Bessie!"

She tried to smile, but her face was white and afraid and her lips quivered.

"I've come—I've come to see you, Ben," she said, and was so unconscious of her power over him that she trembled.

"I suppose—I suppose that you don't care about me yet, Ben. Do you? You don't care a bit, do you, Ben?"

"What do you want plaguing me for?" he burst out. "Can't you let me alone. Are you wanting me to lie over again?"

"I want the truth, Ben," she whispered.—London Telegraph.

The Money Cost of War.

A calculation as careful as is possible places the total cost of war during the last 3,000 years at the appalling sum of £[illegible]0,000,000,000. If it were possible to pay this enormous bill in gold, we should require [illegible] tons of sovereigns and an army of over 600,000 horses to draw it.

If it had been possible for all the mints now existing throughout the world to begin coining sovereigns at their present rate in the year of Christ's birth, they would still have to continue for 573 years more before their task would be completed.

If these sovereigns could be reared into one sky piercing column as a monument to the [illegible] blood they bought, the column would stand on a base of 100 square feet and would rise into the clouds nearly 4,000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. They would equally pave with sovereigns a road 73 feet wide, stretching from Charing Cross to over 100 miles beyond Constantinople.

And this is the appalling price which men have paid in gold and blood for the privilege of killing each other.—London Standard.

Mutually Unpleasant.

Many are the trials encountered by the unfortunate man who, in time of domestic turmoil, is forced to visit an intelligence office.

"My dear," said Mr. Roberts, his youthful face flushed with heat and symptoms of irritation in his voice, "I really should prefer to do the cooking myself rather than go to that intelligence office again.

"Have I secured a cook?" he went on. "No, I have not, Mrs. Roberts. I escaped from one dreadful creature, who even asked me whether our house was 'owned free or mortgaged.' As I was turned from her I saw a respectable looking woman who had just entered the room. She looked comparatively pleasant. So I stepped up to her and asked meekly:

"'Can you fill the position of cook in a family of four?'

"She looked at me as if she'd like to wither me with one blighting glance and said haughtily, 'I am trying to fill that of coachman in a family of two. I think you would do if you have proper recommendations.'"—Youth's Companion.

To Jog His Memory.

Dean Pigou says that many clergymen cannot trust themselves to repeat the most familiar prayers of the liturgy from memory, and he tells how Archdeacon Sinclair was much put out because he (Dean Pigou) sat directly behind him at a public meeting. The dean was puzzled, but understood all when the archdeacon removed his hat and knelt to pray. In the crown of his hat was printed in large type, "Prevent us, O Lord," etc.

A Cause For Grief.

A Chinese of 40 years old, whose mother still flogged him daily, shed tears one day in the company of friends. "Why do you weep?" asked one. "Alas, blows are not as they used to be!" he replied. "The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day."—Household [illegible].

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With the dimples on the sun browned cheek—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of time to be
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint today;
And those dreams should give me back again
A peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy, a little boy!
—Eugene Field.

THE GRAVE'S ODOR.

We were lolling in a couple of easy chairs on the veranda one evening after dinner, Stanfield and I, when my friend sent the glowing stump of his cheroot pirouetting down the steps, and, turning in his chair, said abruptly:

"Do you know, Dick, a man was shot once just where you're sitting?"

Naturally I was startled, and instead of replying to Stanfield's remark glanced uneasily down the long, ghostly veranda, of which the outer edge lay in bright moonlight, while the inner portion was wrapped in the dense shadow of the partly drawn bamboo jalousies.

"I know the feeling," said Stanfield, noting my [illegible]. "I never sit here of an evening without getting a creepy sensation all over me. The servants say the old bungalow is haunted, and I shouldn't wonder if they are right. Anyhow, if it isn't it ought to be, for the story connected with it is an uncanny one altogether. See that hole in the jalousies there on your right?

"Do you see that oblong slit just above the [illegible]? Upon my word, again [illegible] the world [illegible]!"

[illegible] Stanfield with a sigh [illegible] it was through that hole [illegible] my predecessor was [illegible]

"[illegible] there was a strange story [illegible] his death, but I know [illegible] Suppose you [illegible] and talk me out of these [illegible]"

"Talk [illegible] is worse one more like," [illegible] Stanfield, striking a fusee. "I'll wager you [illegible] heard a weirder story. But you [illegible] have the facts [illegible] for it."

With that he settled himself in his chair and after puffing reflectively at his cheroot for some seconds went on to tell me the story of the shot through the jalousies.

"Robertson, you must know, was an Eton boy, like myself. We were chums, in fact, in the old days, and that is how I came to know of a peculiar tradition, if I may so name it, that is said to have been in his family for centuries.

"I don't know whether you believe in death warnings, Dick, but it seems that for hundreds of years no Robertson has ever died without first having a distinct premonition of his approaching end, and, what is more remarkable still, the warning always comes in the form of an odor, an earthy smell—the smell of a new dug grave.

"Well, about a week before his death, when he was on his way to take up his appointment here, in fact, Robertson passed through [illegible], where I was at that time stationed as collector, and of course I put him up for the night. After dinner we were sitting smoking just as you and I are now, when presently he says:

"'Stanfield,' says he, 'there is a devilish queer smell about. Been having any digging done on the premises?'

"'No,' said I. 'I haven't, and for the life of me I can't smell anything except these Dindiguls we're smoking.'

"'Perhaps that is what it is, then,' said he doubtfully, and for half an hour or so the subject was dropped.

"Just as we were making a move for bed, however, he suddenly grips my hand and [illegible] says he hoarsely, 'for God's sake tell me that you people have been digging somewhere near or that there's been a shower. I can't get that earthy smell out of my nostrils. It's like standing over a new made grave.'

"Just a week later, to a day, I was at work in my office one morning when a peon brought in a telegram. Dick, that telegram brought the news that Robertson had been shot dead by his own butler at 8 o'clock the evening before!"

"By his own butler!" I exclaimed, horrified, for while Stanfield was relating this tragic tale I had heard the voice of his butler giving orders to the table boys in the dining room at our back.

"Yes, by his own butler," resumed Stanfield, "and on the very spot where you sit. Indeed," consulting his watch, "it happened just at this time, for it's now 8 o'clock to the minute."

"But," I cried, glancing apprehensively at the eyelet aperture in the jalousies, "why by his butler? For heaven's sake, explain!"

"I will," continued Stanfield, "but first I must hark back a bit and tell you that the telegram ordered me to proceed at once to this station as Robertson's successor. Well, I did so, and almost my first duty as a judge was to try the poor fellow's murderer."

"The butler?"

"The butler, and that brings me to the explanation you asked for a moment ago. Robertson, it appears, had had a case before him in which a native was charged with maltreating his wife, a mere child barely 12 years of age, in such a brutal manner as to cause her death. Cases of that kind are far from being uncommon, as you know, and Robertson—well, he did what almost any other English judge would have done under the circumstances—gave the scamp his deserts and sentenced him to death.

"Now this occurred only a few hours before he was murdered, and you will at once suspect some hidden connection between the two events. And you are right. In passing sentence of death upon the brutal native he virtually passed sentence upon himself.

"Robertson had in his service at the time, among other servants, a butler who was related to the man he had just condemned. Whether he was aware of the exact relationship existing between the two I don't know, but I am inclined to think not. As a matter of fact, when Robertson sat down to dinner that night, after sentencing the native to death, he was waited upon by the convict's own brother.

"You observed a rifle on the dining room wall, I have no doubt, just opposite your place at table. It was from that rifle the fatal shot was fired.

"Not while Robertson was at dinner though. The butler was too wily for that. He bided his time until his master had seated himself in his usual place here on the veranda, taken his coffee and smoked his cheroot. Then, when these had begun to make him drowsy, the fellow took the rifle from the wall—it was always kept loaded—and crept through the bedrooms to the far end of the veranda, where, as you see, the shadow lies so deep.

"Sitting, as we are now, you observe that the steps between the far end of the veranda and the jalousies with the hole in it are concealed by the row of pillars, and you will readily understand how a barefooted native might creep along those steps under cover of the pillars and apply his eye to the hole without being either seen or heard. Well, that is just what the butler did. Only he did something more.

"After applying his eye to the hole he noiselessly inserted the muzzle of the rifle in the aperture, took deliberate aim at his master's heart and fired. Poor Robertson! He never knew what hurt him."

Stanfield ceased speaking, and a painful silence fell upon us both. The movement of a lizard in the jalousies through which the shot had been fired sent a thrill of horror through my nerves. I fancied I could hear the butler's stealthy footsteps and see the gleam of the rifle barrel in the moonlight. So awfully real was my conception of the whole scene that at last in sheer desperation I spoke and so broke the spell.

"Hadn't Robertson a wife? I have an idea that I once met her in Madras."

"He had, and speaking of her reminds me that my story is still unfinished. In fact, the most remarkable part of it is yet to come.

"About a year before her husband's death Mrs. Robertson, it seems, went home to England for her health, and when I last saw Robertson alive—the night he had the strange premonition you remember—he was daily expecting her back. Well, it is a singular coincidence, but perfectly true, that the steamer she was a passenger by entered Bombay harbor on the very evening and at the very hour when Robertson was shot.

"Mrs. Robertson had gathered all her traps together, intending to disembark that night, and as soon as she heard the anchor dropped she left the cabin to go on deck. In her hand she carried a small traveling clock, and just as she reached the foot of the companion stairs she glanced at it and saw that the hour was exactly 8 o'clock. At the same moment an indescribable terror seized her. She looked up quickly, and there on the steps above her stood her husband.

"She sprang up the steps to meet him, but he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. At the top of the steps she ran against the purser.

"'There's no hurry, madam,' said he; 'the tender's not alongside yet.'

"'But my husband!' cried Mrs. R. 'I saw him here just now. How did he come aboard?'

"'Madam,' replied the purser, 'you must be mistaken. Not a living soul has boarded the ship tonight.'

"And he was right, for if Mrs. R. saw anything, as she declares she did, it must have been the spirit of her dying husband."

"Let us go in," said I, rising hastily. "This night air has given me a chill."—New York Journal.

Trees In New Zealand.

The kauri is the monarch of the New Zealand forest, an indigenous pine, growing to enormous height, frequently 80 feet before it sends out a bough, while its average diameter is from eight to nine feet. It is said to be 600 years in reaching maturity. There is no underbrush in a kauri forest, the prince of trees permitting no rival within his domain. The totara is another species of pine, which, however, has none of the characteristics of the conifers of other countries, either in habit or in appearance.

The most singular of all is the rata, a peculiar tree with somewhat the nature of a parasite. If it springs up near a rimu pine, it winds about it like a huge vine, its tightening coils gradually crushing the life out of the unfortunate pine. When it reaches the top, it sends out branches and stands a hollow shell, its coils knit closely together by a dense network of fibers, which appear in the last stages of its growth. It has a like affinity for its own species, and a second rata springing up beside one of earlier growth will [illegible] and destroy it as it destroys the rimu. If, however, neither rimu nor rata is within reach, it grows up a respectable and well behaved tree, attaining a height of from 50 to 60 feet, and is used for masts in shipbuilding.—Chautauquan.

The Eve of the Future.

"The Eve of the Future" is the theme of a writer in the Paris Figaro who is almost willing to admit that she will be an American type, the result of the intermingling of many races and the pursuit of outdoor sports. She will have [illegible] straight brow, rather low than high, a neck well poised on sloping shoulders—a neck to wear high, narrow collars—slender arms, a waist that one could span with two hands, hardly any hips and an independent manly carriage. "The aristocratic air," he continues, "is not always linked with beauty. As a matter of fact 'blood does not always tell.'

"One finds the aristocratic type in all classes of the social scale—the rather long and finely cut nose, the firm chin, long, slender white hands, with slim and tapering fingers, tall, erect figure, long, narrow, delicate foot, made for pointed shoes, the whole person alert, elegant, snella, as the Italians say. We agree with the Americans in attaching more importance to the expression than to the shape of the features, and we prefer a spirituelle, mobile and vivacious face to features of perfect purity and perfect immobility. Form attracts us, but we are in love with life, and it is the secret of the Parisienne's charm."

The White Man In the Tropics.

The attempt to acclimatize the white man in the tropics must be recognized to be a blunder of the first magnitude. All experiments based upon the idea are mere idle and empty enterprises foredoomed to failure. Excepting only the deportation of the African races under the situation of slavery, probably no other idea which has held the mind of our civilization during the last 300 years has led to so much physical and moral suffering and degradation or has strewn the world with the wrecks of so many gigantic enterprises. In the tropics a white man lives and works only as a diver lives and works under water. Alike in a moral, in an ethical and in a political sense, the atmosphere he breathes must be that of another region—that which produced him, and to which he belongs. Neither physically, morally nor politically can he be acclimatized in the tropics.—Benjamin S. Kidd.

The Retort Courteous.

Farmer (to young thief)—What are you doing under the tree with that apple?

Bright Boy—I was just going to climb up the tree to put back this apple, which, I see, has fallen down.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

MOUNTAIN ROSE

Cold and rough the north wind blows,
Black in the morning early;
Who should I meet but Mountain Rose
Among the stubble barley?

All the world is under snow,
[illegible] wing [illegible] wing;
Who should I meet but Mountain Rose
The way that I was going?

Not a leaf on the poplar tree,
Not a flower on the heather;
Mountain Rose looked shyly at me
As we stepped out together.

Mountain Rose so airy and free,
Where are roses blowing?
Rose's cheek, half turned from me,
The rose of love was showing.

Black and cold the north wind blows,
Never a bird is singing;
There's a lilt in the voice of Rose
Sweet as the skylark ringing.

Winter's black on heather and broom,
Where shall I find [illegible]?
Rose's mouth is the honeycomb
And Rose's laugh is honey.

Black and cold the north wind blows,
Winter comes in fairly;
I keep summer with Mountain Rose
Among the stubble barley.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE VOLUNTEER.

The mother would not be pacified. "Not you," she said, "not you. 'The only son of his mother, and she was a widow'—remember that. War is not for you."

"The country calls," argued the young man. "Must I consider myself at such a time?"

The girl who was to be his wife spoke up.

"Yourself!" she said. "Is it only yourself?"

"You, too," he answered. "I fight for those I love when I fight for my country."

"What do you know of the hell and horror of war?" demanded his mother. "War made your father an invalid for life. Is not that enough for me to give my country? There are others who should go—rich men's sons bred in luxury, who should meet hardship for once in their lives—but you with your meager pay which barely provides for us!"

"My work is more than that," he frowned.

"Yes," she said, "you should make it more; there will be your wife to provide for."

"If you love me —" began the girl, when she broke down, burying her face in her hands.

"If you would only understand," he pleaded. "You know how it is—our countrymen murdered, the flag insulted, men going to the front. Must I stay here grinding out a daily existence in work that gives me mere food and shelter while those brave fellows stake their lives for me?"

"And what will become of you?" cried his mother, "if you should return after the fighting is over? The position you have is [illegible], but it is something. Will it be held for you till the war is ended? I have seen war, and I know what comes afterward—struggle, poverty, inability to earn daily bread."

"I love you," said the girl, "but how can you tell that I may not forget you for some one else, when you can so easily leave me?"

"If I thought," returned he, "that you could be false to me"—

"Not that," she interrupted. "But a woman gives trust for trust; she cannot wholly obliterate herself when she finds that she is held unworthy. For am I not held unworthy when you can leave me against my wishes?"

His mother caught up the word. "A worthy son does not forget his mother in her hour of need. You are all I have."

He looked about him. He saw the peace at home, the sun shining in at the window, the [illegible] outside of field and brook and wood; he heard the distant low of cattle, the peaceful song of mated birds. "Then," he sighed, "you would rather I should be a coward?"

"The brave man," said the girl, drying her eyes, "is he who stands behind the woman who loves him." She smiled up at him. "Stay with us. You are no less a soldier in being our commander."

She flung her arms about him, drawing him to her.

His mother came and stood beside him. "Stay with us," she echoed.

"Listen!"

It was a new voice that spoke. The words came from a small cramped form crouching beside the stove in the corner. It was the old grandmother. More than fourscore years had bowed her head. They had not thought that she understood. Her blind eyes were filmy. There was a smile upon her shriveled lips, and one shaking hand was raised above her head.

"Listen!"

From afar off came a sound that was other than that of lowing kine and song of birds.

Drum — drum — der um, drum drum!

The young man straightened.

The old grandmother rose to her feet. She swayed a little and caught at the wall. She groped about the room to a tall chest of drawers. From it she took a long, narrow package.

"My son," she said with feeble voice, "was shot in war and died from the effects of his wounds years after. It was an honorable death. While he was fighting I picked lint. I tore up all my linen to make it, then I went to the front and nursed the wounded. My husband was a midshipman in 1812. A cutlass severed the sinews of his arm. I was a girl when I met him, and his helpless arm made me love him. Listen!"

"Drum — drum — der um, drum, drum!" The sound was a little nearer.

"My grandfather," quavered the old grandmother, "was at Valley Forge. He was made prisoner. It was winter. His mother went to see him, carrying a basket of food. The journey was many miles. Sometimes a farmer let her ride a way in his cart. The rest of the way she walked through the snow. When she reached the prison, the guards took her basket from her and divided the contents. They would not let her see her son. She ran past the soldiers up to the prison door. 'Child,' she called, 'kiss the keyhole on your side! I will kiss it on mine. Bear up! Be brave! God bless you! Your mother prays for you and thinks of you with a smile on her lips and not a tear in her eye.'" As she spoke the old woman tore the wrappings from the package she held and disclosed a dim blade. "It was my grandfather's!" she thrilled.

"Drum — drum — der um, drum drum!" came the sound and nearer yet. "Drum—drum—der um drum, drum!"

"Mother!" gasped the young man.

The old grandmother stood in the middle of the room almost erect. A tinge of color was in her cheek and made her seem almost young. She held out the sword.

"Your country," she said, "and your God!"

"The God of peace!" the young girl whispered.

"The God of honorable war!" cried the old grandmother. The young man turned to the girl.

"My son!" His mother spoke. Her eyes were kindled. "I, too, can nurse the wounded."

"And I can at least pick lint," the girl said.

The old grandmother turned her sightless eyes toward them. "There must be no cowards in my family," she said. "Love knows no cowardice; affection has its pride in bravery. Remember Valley Forge! Remember 1812! Remember your father! Listen!"

"Drum — drum — der um, drum, drum!" The recruits were marching through the village street.

"Mother!" cried the young man. "My love!"

"Go!" said his mother.

"Go!" sobbed the girl he loved.

He bent over and kissed the girl, then his mother, and turned to the old grandmother.

"The sword—kiss the sword," she said, "and go and do your duty."

"Drum — drum — der um, drum, drum!"

Flags were flying, crowds were following the recruits. Into the dust and swirl rushed the youth. His hat was off, the sun threw its beams on his curling, fair hair. They in the doorway saw that.

He looked back at his mother, with her arm about the girl he loved, waving her handkerchief to him, though he knew her eyes were streaming. And back of all he saw the old dim sword held up by the blind grandmother.

"Drum — drum — der um, drum, drum!" And onward he went to do battle for his country and his flag.—Robert C. V. Meyers in Every Month.

A Great French Etcher.

Charles Meryon—born in 1821—was brought up to the navy, going first in 1837 to the Naval school at Brest. As a youth he sailed round the world. He touched at Athens, touched at the then savage coasts of New Zealand, made sketches, a few of which in days when his greater work was most of it done he used as material for some of his etchings. Art even then occupied him, and deeply interested as he soon got to be in it he seems to have had a notion that it was less dignified than the profession of the navy, and after awhile he chose deliberately the less dignified—because it was the less dignified. He would have us believe so at any rate. He wished his father to believe so. And in 1845, having served creditably as a lieutenant, he resigned his commission.

A painter he could not be. The gods, who had given him even in his youth a poetic vision and a firmness of hand, had denied him the true sight of color, and I remember seeing hanging up in the salon of M. Burty, who knew him, a large impressive pastel of a ship cleaving her way through wide, deep waters, and the sea was red and the sunset sky was green, for Meryon was color blind. He would have to be an engraver. He entered the workroom of one M. Blery, to whom in after times as his [illegible] he engraved some verses of his writing—appreciative verses, sincere and unfinished—"à [illegible] Blery, mon maître." The etchings of Zeeman, the Dutchman, gave him the desire to etch. He copied with freedom and interest several of Zeeman's neat little plates and addressed him with praises, on another little copper like the one to Blery—"to Zeeman, peintre des matelots."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Room In Which Napoleon Was Born.

His greatness still consecrates the place. Push back the jalousies and let in the light upon the mean beginnings of so stupendous a destiny. Here is the sedan chair, battered and faded, but a relic and so sacred still. This is the bed on which he was born—hardly bigger than a couch. Here is madame's escritoire, where she must have done those household accounts (yearly more difficult to balance) with a little old frail child at her side sometimes, plucking at her dress and looking up awed (she is the one person in all the world of whom he is afraid) into her face. Here is her spinet, with its yellow notes, which she played perhaps while those little kings and queens to be danced to her music, and the one born great (the others only have greatness thrust upon them) stood apart uncannily like and solitary. The very chairs and tables are the same. There is the narrow strip of bedroom which was his.

"I would have been the happiest man in the world," he says at [illegible], "[illegible] years later, with an income of £[illegible] a year, living as the father of a family with my wife and [illegible] in our old home at Ajaccio."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Gray Matter.

The writer has examined many brains of persons mentally or intellectually below the average—such as murderers, negroes and others sunk in ignorance. He has invariably found the layer of vesicular or gray matter to be thicker than that of Daniel Webster's brain. Elephants, porpoises, whales, dolphins and the grampus all have this layer thicker than the most intellectual men.

Another great objection to locating mind in the gray matter of the brain is that this substance is found in the interior part of the spinal cord and in all the nerve centers throughout the body. So that if mind is attributable to it, it is not confined to the brain, but dwells in the spine also and is distributed all through the human frame.

Still another objection lies in the fact that wherever the gray matter exists near the surface of the brain it consists of three distinct layers separated by a white substance, and the outermost layer is white, not gray.—Dr. Joseph Simms in Popular Science Monthly.

A Silkworm of the Sea.

Silk is obtained from the shellfish known as the pinna (mytilidae), which is found in the Mediterranean. This shellfish has the power of spinning a viscid silk which in Sicily is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish, in the first instance for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and there glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them.

The material when gathered (which is done at low tide) is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened and carded, one pound of the coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which when spun is of a lovely burnished golden brown color.—New York Herald.

Getting an Opening.

A man had a story about a gun which he delivered himself of upon all occasions.

At a dinner party one evening he writhed in his chair for over an hour waiting for a chance to introduce his story, but no opportunity presented itself. Finally he slipped a coin into the hand of a waiter and whispered:

"When you leave the room again slam the door."

The waiter slammed the door as directed, and the man sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

"What's that? [illegible]—a gun!"

"Oh, no," resumed his host. "It was only the door."

"Ah, I see. Well, speaking of guns reminds me of a little story," etc.—Liverpool Mercury.

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BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1898

No [illegible], no caucus.

GEORGE DEWEY is now a full-fledged admiral.

CORONER ASHBRIDGE will be the next Mayor of Philadelphia to succeed Mayor Warwick.

ON January 1st Spain's yellow flag will be lowered in Cuba never more to rise again on that beautiful isle. For four hundred and six years the Spaniards have held the island in their grip. Robbery, pillage and murder have been the predominating *features* of the reign. The fair island will now enter upon a period of prosperity such as she never before enjoyed. The Cubans are all *rejoicing* over the advent of the stars and stripes.

SENATOR QUAY seems to have trouble in his own county, Beaver. Representative Harrold, one of the two members from that county, said last Saturday that "for thirty-two years I have voted with the old man, but I do not see how I can morally stand by him now in the face of the Philadelphia suits and his efforts to avoid them." He further stated his desire to vote for Mr. Quay, his home candidate, but until these charges were removed he could not do so. He would vote for Dalzell in that case.

IT is a year beyond parallel, and goes to its close with the biggest volume of business ever seen. Enormous transactions at the Stock Exchange make some difference and heavy railroad earnings, but when all the transporting and speculative interests are eliminated there is still a much larger business than in any other month of the year. Last year the exports were in volume greater than in any previous month in the history of the country, but this year the three weeks' report shows an increase of 25 per cent. against 9 per cent. in imports, which would indicate much more than $70,000,000 excess of exports this month. The payments through clearing houses have been for the week 26.5 per cent. greater than last year and 12.4 per cent. greater than in 1892, and for the month 17.8 per cent. larger than in 1892. Until now no greater volume of business has ever been done in the history of this country than in the closing month of this year.—Dun's.

ERE another issue of the MINER reaches its many readers T. B. Clark, our present efficient county treasurer, will have vacated the office which he, assisted by J. R. Shoemaker, has so ably filled for the past three years. While Mr. Clark, owing to his manifold duties outside, has not been able to devote much time to the duties of the office, everything pertaining thereto has been carefully looked after by Mr. Shoemaker. Mr. J. W. Campbell of Kane will take charge of the county treasurer's office on the retirement of Mr. Clark. That he is one of the most popular men in McKean county was clearly demonstrated by the immense vote he received at the polls last November. Mr. Campbell will retain Mr. Shoemaker as his deputy and the change in the treasurer's office will be scarcely perceptible unless Mr. Campbell should be present. The MINER wishes success and happiness to the outgoing and incoming officials, and wishes to congratulate Mr. Snoemaker over his retention in office.

UNITED STATES SENATOR JUSTIN S. MORRILL died at his home in Washington, D. C., on Wednesday morning at the age of 88 years. Mr. Morrill was a native of Vermont and was elected to the 34th Congress from that State in 1854, continuing in the lower branch of Congress up to 1867 at which time he was elected to the upper House and for 31 years he has been a prominent figure in that body. There are only two men living who antedate Mr. Morrill in public service—ex-Secretary of State John Sherman of Ohio and our own Congressman-at-Large, Hon. Galusha A. Grow. The latter was elected to Congress in 1851 and Mr. Sherman was Secretary of the Congressional committee sent out to Kansas in 1856 to investigate the Kansas Nebraska trouble. The public service of the last named gentlemen has been broken while Mr. Morrill's service has been continuous for 43 years. Mr. Morrill has been in active service and the scenes that he has passed through and participated in are by far the most interesting of any period in the nation's history.

UNCLE SAM DISCUSSES THE FAMILY.

"It's been a good season for some of our boys, Sam," said Columbia.

"Oh yes. I'm proud of the boys."

"There's Theodore. Since he ran up the hill that time and got so much credit he's been just bursting with energy, and over in Manhattan and thereabouts they think there's nothing too good for him. I believe that if he lives to really grow up he'll be one of the handiest men in the family, Sam; and, really, he's older now than I ever supposed he'd get to be."

"Oh yes, Columbia, Theodore's a good lad; if he only keeps his wheels on his feet he's bound to skim along."

"And William Sampson, Sam, and all those fine fellows with him, and plucky [illegible] Joe, and dozens and scores and hundreds of others, hundreds and thousands of others, and more and more and more behind them. Nobody knew what a family we had before we had this trouble, and the neighbors have never been so polite to us as they have been of late. I tell you, Sam, there's been a lot of good, and if some of what comes with it looks like evil, you'd better just harden your heart and gulp it down. I haven't fed pie into you all these years without learning something about the strength of your digestion. And as [illegible] Monroe, you can explain to [illegible] that circumstances alter cases, and [illegible] when a man takes hold he [illegible] let go just when it suits [illegible]. —[illegible] S. Martin, in Christmas [illegible] Harper's Weekly.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26, 1898.

President McKinley gave the American peace commissioners, who brought the official copy of the treaty of peace to Washington, a cordial personal welcome and heartfelt congratulations on their successful work, and assured them that the Christmas gift they brought to the American people was thoroughly appreciated. As a further mark of his appreciation he will give, in honor of the commissioners, a State dinner at the White House. In addition to the treaty the commissioners brought to the President a full and detailed report of the work. The commissioners were pleased to learn that the opposition to the ratification of the treaty by the senate had practically all died out and that the treaty was likely to be promptly ratified. Senators who have been quoted as intending to oppose the treaty have assured President McKinley that, while opposed to our retention of the Philippines permanently, they would vote to ratify the treaty as soon as it was reported to the senate from the committee on foreign relations, which will be immediately upon the reassembling of congress.

The Spanish peace commissioners will realize what a mistake they made when they refused to sell us a small island in the Carolines for a cable station, as soon as they learn that we have taken possession of an island—Wake island—that will answer every purpose and will cost nothing. This island is about two thousand miles from the Hawaiian islands and about thirteen hundred miles from Guam, being almost on a direct line between those possessions. As far back as 1851, Admiral Wilkes surveyed this island and asserted title, but the island being merely a coral reef three miles long, has never been occupied. But it is all right for a cable station and President McKinley has sent orders to Commander Taussig of the gunboat Bennington to proceed to the island and take formal possession. It is a coincidence that on the 4th of July of this year a transport bound for Manila stopped at Wake island to allow our soldiers to get a day's recreation on land.

President McKinley stopped a lot of crooked business when he ordered that new franchises given by the local authorities in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines should be revoked by our military authorities, whenever they were unfair in their terms or likely to be against the best interest of the islanders. A lot of unscrupulous speculators have been engaged in the purchase of railroad, electric and other franchises from impecunious members of local governments in the towns on all of the islands, with the expectation that the United States would recognize them. It is the President's intention to prevent any robbery of the islanders that can be prevented by watchfulness on the part of the authorities.

Admiral Sampson, who has just returned from Havana, where he has been on duty as a member of the evacuation commission, says that while many Cubans are anxious to set up an independent government, the better classes on the island, including most of the men of wealth and prestige in business affairs, are practically unanimously in favor of the United States taking the island for keeps instead of only temporarily. The Admiral's own opinion is that the Cubans are in no condition at this time to successfully establish and maintain a government of their own, and, while he doesn't say as much, the impression one gathers from talking with him is that he doubts whether they ever will be.

Chairman Hull has filed with the clerk of the House the report of the Committee on Military Affairs in favor of his bill for the reorganization and increase of the regular army, which was not ready when the bill was reported to the House just before its Christmas adjournment. The report is very full, giving unanswerable reasons in detail why the bill should be passed. The following extract from the report fully explains the nature of the bill: "The bill fixes no maximum strength for the whole army. Assuming that the government will require about 100,000 men for defense of the frontier, for coast defense and to maintain our authority in the islands for whose good order and government this nation is now responsible, together with a reasonable reserve force. The bill provides for the requirements of cavalry and infantry, the number required for each arm of the service and a corps of artillery, for our seacoast batteries with two regiments of artillery for field batteries. The Committee believe the organization as provided for in this bill will make the most efficient military organization at the lowest cost to the taxpayer of any organization proposed by any bill before Congress." The estimated cost, if this bill becomes a law, as there is every reason to believe it will in spite of Democratic opposition, is $90,000,000 a year. The Democrats acknowledge the present necessity for all the troops the Hull bill provides for, but in their bill they try to whip the devil around the stump by limiting the regular army to 30,000 and providing for the enlistment for two years of 50,000 volunteers.

BARKING AT HEELS OF PROGRESS.

We are on the threshold of a mighty task. We have provoked bitter hostility abroad and critical eyes are turned in our direction. There are those here at home who would have us retreat. They are barking at the heels of progress. They would answer the President by folding up the flag at Manila, if not by withdrawing it from the heritage at our doors. They could carry their logic to its limits only by refunding the money with which we bought Louisiana and by asking Russia to return what it cost to buy Alaska. They flaunt the Constitution in our faces, but would they have us ask Mexico to oblige us by resuming possession of one of the Pacific States? We have moved forward since we began to deal with Spain, and if we are to turn about why not retrace all our steps? Because, to quote the President, as we look back upon the acquisitions of territory by our fathers we are filled with wonder that any doubt could have existed or any apprehension could have been felt for the wisdom of their action or their capacity to grapple with the then untried and mighty problems.—Brooklyn Eagle, Ind. Dem.

SIX MONTHS IN A BATH.

Life in a bath must be somewhat monotonous, but it is quite common in the best of our modern hospitals. At first it was tried only in a few absolutely hopeless cases, but the results were so satisfactory that various forms of disease are now systematically treated by continuous immersion in water. Some time ago, for instance, a young girl was dying from a complication of terrible diseases. She was a mere shadow, and nothing but death was before her under ordinary treatment. But an ingenious doctor placed her on a sheet and sank her into a warm bath so that only her head remained above water. The bath was kept constantly warm, and in it she ate, drank and slept for 183 days and nights. At the end of the time she stepped out fat and strong. In skin diseases the continuous bath is invaluable, for it can be medicated. And many hopeless cases of burning have been successfully treated in this extraordinary way. —Philadelphia Times.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

GRAHAM'S ANSWER.

The following extract is taken from the answer of District Attorney Graham of Philadelphia on Senator Quay's case, before the Supreme Court of the State:

"This evidence shows that the public funds of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for years have been used by the conspirators for their private and unlawful gain. Interest has been allowed by the People's bank on the deposits of public money and paid to the accused, in some cases placed in the individual deposit of the accused in their bank account, and checked out by them along with their own moneys in the same account. In other instances, cashier's checks and drafts have been made payable to the accused for certain sums of interest on the public money, and these documents, being the indorsement of the accused, showing the receipt by them of the interest money paid, are in existence and in possession of the Commonwealth.

"The books show that hundreds of thousands of dollars of the public money deposited in the People's bank were set apart for the use of M. S. Quay, and used by him; and that he was charged no interest thereon. The books show that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stocks were bought for the said M. S. Quay with this money. That whenever he failed to use his full allowance of public money thus set apart for him, interest was carefully calculated upon the balance not used by him in the purchase of stocks, and paid to the State treasurer."

The question now arises, can any Assemblyman or State Senator go to Harrisburg and vote for Senator Quay until he is cleared from the charges set forth in Mr. Graham's answer? It does not seem possible that such could be the case.

THE SENATE.

The next Senate will stand as follows:

States.	Rep.	Dem. and Pop.	States.	Rep.	Dem. and Pop.
Alabama	...	2	Nebraska	2	...
Arkansas	...	2	Nevada	...	2
California	2	...	New Hampshire	2	...
Colorado	1	1	New Jersey	2	...
Connecticut	2	...	New York	2	...
Delaware	1	1	North Carolina	1	1
Florida	...	2	North Dakota	2	...
Georgia	...	2	Ohio	2	...
Idaho	1	1	Oregon	2	...
Illinois	2	...	Pennsylvania	2	...
Indiana	2	...	Rhode Island	2	...
Iowa	2	...	South Carolina	...	2
Kansas	1	1	South Dakota	...	2
Kentucky	1	1	Tennessee	...	2
Louisiana	...	2	Texas	...	2
Maine	2	...	Utah	...	2
Maryland	2	...	Vermont	2	...
Massachusetts	2	...	Virginia	...	2
Michigan	2	...	Washington	1	1
Minnesota	2	...	West Virginia	2	...
Mississippi	...	2	Wisconsin	2	...
Missouri	...	2	Wyoming	2	...
Montana	1	1			
			Totals	54	36

COL. BRYAN may be felicitated upon one circumstance in his retirement from the army. He is in no danger of being Hobsonized.—Grand Rapids Herald.

For the very good reason that he could not stop talking long enough.

A Few Thoughts for Everyone.

Many times in my life have I heard the word infidel hurled at a certain class of people. From careful observation I find this infidel people a thinking, reasoning people. I look for the origin of the word infidel, and I find that it originated during the Crusades and was thrown in contempt by the warrior Christians at the irrestible Turks of the Moslem faith, who in turn hurled it back at them, I suppose counting it too good a weapon to be wasted. To-day the same word is thrown at what are termed unbelievers by the more or less kind-hearted Christians and the infidels smile back their compliments and walk away with greater pride.

Then, again, we have the word skeptic (the words skeptic and infidel can both be applied to the same class of people) which originated early in the Greek philosophy, which truly means one who looks around carefully, or one who dares to reason upon any subject before him. Such minds said, "Let us investigate. If these things compare with reason we are willing to give them a place; but if not, we will lay them aside until proof is shown."

We find that in the ordinary Greek minds the gods were the senders of the thunderbolts. But it took a skeptic, Franklin, to send his kite into the clouds and bring down the powerful agent of force which is now so willing a slave of mankind. What does not this world owe to these skeptics? If the Greeks at the time I speak of could have witnessed this electrical work of Franklin they would undoubtedly have put him to death. Or if he had escaped death in some way which seemed miraculous they would have fallen down and worshipped him, believing that he had direct communication with the gods.

When the bible gave to the world the historical character of God, called by the Jews Jehovah, many people were extremely glad of not having his personal acquaintance. If the teachings of this book had not been tortured and pounded into the people for nearly 2,000 years; if it was handed to them now, something new, wouldn't there be a solid mass of skeptics? I am truly glad to see the world so rapidly filling up with these infidel skeptics, or in other words, free thinkers, progressive thinkers. To them goes the credit for the grand developments made in all the fields of progress.

Take the electrical field, brought to light by the skeptic Franklin, and developed to its present wonderful state by a class of skeptics. These people are truly not bigots. They are a class of free thinkers, people who are not bound down by the superstitious teachings of thousands of years. They spring out of the ruts of these ancient teachings. They open to the world new fields each day. They are not the class who are trying to drag their fellow-beings down into the ruts of ancient teachings and there bind them in chains of mental slavery and superstition that they may make them their willing dupes and slaves. No; they are not of the class who put out the eyes of and put to death after repeated torture the noble Galileo for discovering that the earth was not a plain, but a globe turning here in mid air, and because this discovery contradicted the teachings of their bible and church.

These skeptics are to be found at the head of all progressive work to-day. We have the noble Clara Barton, whom all the civilized nations honor; whose name and fame are household words around the whole world. She is not a bigot. That great mind and those broad views have never been brought down to that low plain. She is a free thinker.

And now, kind friends, why not start your children on good firm ground and not make them flounder through the bogs that it took you nearly a whole lifetime to get out of? As the Reverend Myron Reed of the Methodist church said a few years ago, while delivering a Sabbath sermon in Denver, Col., "If I was a teacher of a class in Sunday school I would be afraid to teach to them the story of Jonah and the whale, for I would expect that in a few years they would grow up and say, 'that old fool knew better or at least ought to have known better than to have taught us such stuff as that.'" And now, dear friend, why not let our children think? Why not help them to think and reason on this subject as well as others? In all kindness let me say, do not yourselves be, nor make your children, the slaves of tyrants. Please read Romans, XIII Chap., 1st and 2nd verses: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." Now this is fine doctrine for tyrants, and now, as I have said before, do not be or cause your children to be the slaves of these tyrants.

Here is a thought for you, do you think for a moment that old bridges, old buildings or old structures of any kind are the safest? No, nor old theories, beliefs or creeds; for to acknowledge them to be is to say that in all these hundreds of years we have not progressed at all but are greater fools than the people who existed hundreds or thousands of years ago; and further let me say, neither are we the crowning blossom of a stem 6,000 years old, for there will be many more grander blossoms along up this stem of progression for thousands of years to come. All is progression.

W. C. DICKINSON,

Colegrove, Pa.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the implacable enemy of sores, burns and wounds. It never fails to cure piles. You may rely upon that. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Small children's suits in pretty patterns, with waist [illegible], at R. Seger & Son's.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

LINES OF WORK.
(Continued.)

WORK AMONG RAILROAD EMPLOYES.

Superintendent, Mrs. Caroline M. Woodward, 206-208 Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

This department includes work among railroad men, telegraph operators, street car men, policemen, express and hackmen, and train news agents, with their respective families, and aims to carry the gospel and temperance pledge to them all and to organize among them gospel and temperance clubs or "R. R. Unions." Cottage meetings, never slip meetings, and personal work in connection with the mass meeting is the line followed, with the distribution of literature, etc.

WORK AMONG SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Superintendent, Mrs. Ella M. Thacher, Florence, N. J.

This department aims to reach the army, navy, veterans and merchant marine service with gospel temperance and purity work, also by means of the pledge and temperance literature, through co-operation with commandants and chaplains by correspondence, articles in papers read by soldiers and sailors and personal visitation. To create a sentiment against the "canteen" so it may be driven out of Soldiers' Homes, Posts, etc. Also to inculcate in the young a spirit of patriotism by securing their aid in the effort to place a flag on every school house.

WORK AMONG LUMBERMEN.

Superintendent, Mrs. Mary C. Upham, Mansfield, Wis.

This department aims to carry gospel temperance, by means of the written and spoken word, to the great armies of men in the logging camps, destitute as they are of Christian teaching, and sure to fall an easy prey to the saloons unless forewarned and forearmed.

WORK AMONG MINERS.

This department aims to do for miners the same that is stated above relative to the lumbermen.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Superintendent, Mrs. Vesta F. Cox, Tabor, N. J.

The aim of this department is to educate and arouse the public interest and conscience through leaflets, press articles, petitions and other available means, to the religious, scientific and other reasons for Sabbath observance, especially raising a higher practical standard among professed Christians and testing our own lives by the word of God. Also to secure and maintain good Sabbath laws and usages, thus protecting all in their right to a civil rest day and fostering morality.

MERCY.

Superintendent, Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

This department aims to develop in our young people the tenderest consideration toward all who are capable of pain, never needlessly inflicting it and shielding the lower animals from both pain and danger so far as possible, also securing the enactment and enforcement of law for this beneficent purpose.

Two Pointed Questions Answered.

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia was the subject is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store.

Overcome evil with good. Overcome your coughs and colds with One Minute Cough Cure. It is so good children cry for it. It cures croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and all throat and lung diseases. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Late to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

When you ask for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve don't accept a counterfeit or imitation. There are more cases of piles being cured by this than all others combined. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Examine well these silk-lined box coats at R. Seger & Son's.

Cash Bargain Day,

Sat. Dec. 31,

At J. COLEGROVE'S

Bed Blankets per pair to-day	75c
Golden Rio Coffee per lb	15c
Thornton & Chester Flour, per sack	$1.25
Baker's Chocolate (best made) per lb	38c
4 lb pkg Soap Foam washing powder	15c
Royal Baking Powder, one lb cans	40c
10 bars Climax Soap for	25c
Leader Comdenced Milk to-day per can	10c
Clover Leaf Salmon per can	18c
5-gal pump oil can filled with best oil	$1.45
Pint bottle of Royal salad dressing to-day	45c
Half pint bottle of Catchup special to-day	8c
1-lb best tea (any kind) and 10 lbs of granulated sugar for	$1.10

Mail Pouch and Five Brothers tobacco now nice and moist. Just right for chewing at

J. Colegrove,
106 EAST MAIN STREET.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF:

Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

LET US TALK

About tobacco. If U must & wil use it we wil supply you with it. Did U ever buy any poor, dry plug ov me? I guess not. A hard tobacco is N. G. We have a case that keeps tobacco moist & free from dust & dirt. We do not cut prices on plug, but can give U a fine cut or pail tobacco, just such as you pay 60c to 75c for, at 40c & 48c.

Those nice Pittsburg tobies, 4 ov em for 5c. A full line ov 5c cigars.

While talking ov chewing wil sa that our Scouller's best flour kant B beat 2 chu on, nor the Spring Patent at $1.12, Straight & Lilly 98c. Now U doubting ones give this a trial. If it don't suit U get your money back. 10 to 25c on a sack ov flour iz worth saving. Don't U think so?

About our candy. We try and keep our candy fresh at all times. We buy it by the ton & get it much cheaper than small lots would B. Our stick candy iz 10c lb. Special mixd 10c or 3 for 25c. Best 40 choc. creams 20c; others in proportion. WE SELL CANDY. Don't keep it 2 dry up & get stale. Giv it 2 U cheap enuf so U can & wil buy.

Do U kno that we save U money on work and dress pantz & shirts; it iz a fact we do; also on parlor matches 9c doz.

Tin wash boilers Nos. 8 & 9, 45 & 55c—price light tin light. Best copper bilers, $1.88 & $1.98. Nick-l'd T kettle 80 & 89c. T & coffee 60 & 70c.

$3.00 Rubber lin'd coats $1.80. Boys & Men's overcoats at cost.

A. E. STICKLES,
Sprague Block. Smethport.

NEW MEAT MARKET,

Norman C. Keefer, Prop'r,
Cor. Mechanic and Willow Sts.

THE FINEST OF
STEAKS, ROASTS AND
BOILING MEATS

always on hand. All kinds POULTRY a specialty.

Call and examine my stock and get prices.

N. C. KEEFER,
Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, - Penna.

INSURANCE!

Fire insurance written in the leading companies. Life and Accident Insurance in the most reliable companies of America.

PIANOS

Of the following first-class manufacturers: A. B. Chase, Bush & Gerts, Malcom Love and Woodward & Brown, sold for cash or on installments.

ORGANS

Of the very best makes, sold for cash or on installments, at reduced prices.

SEWING MACHINES.

Will sell Domestic and Wheeler & Wilson machines hereafter for cash at a

Reduction of $25.00

from the list price of each machine, at my store. Now avail yourselves of this grand offer.

Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music, Needles, Oil and all kinds of Fixtures for all kinds of Sewing Machines. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Mr. F. W. Burdick, Piano Tuner of Olean, N. Y., will visit Smethport every three months. Please leave orders at my office.

C. A. BURDICK.
Salesroom, Reilly Block,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Thursday, January, [illegible], 1899, by N. W. Heinemann, F. C. Olds, H. F. Quinn, F. S. Sherman and John Troy, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," Approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Heinemann Chemical Company, the character and object of which is manufacturing acetate of lime, wood alcohol, and charcoal, and other products from wood, and for these purposes to have and to possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

E. L. KEENAN,
Solicitor.

12-4t

Assignee's Notice.

In the matter of the assignment of J. M. Swanson for the benefit of creditors. } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pennsylvania. No. 121, October Term, 1898.

TO ALL PARTIES CONCERNED:

Take notice that C. V. Gillis, assignee of J. M. Swanson, has filed his final account of trust as such assignee and the same will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas, for allowance, at a session of said Court to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, January 3rd, A. D. 1899, and the same will then be allowed and confirmed absolutely unless cause be shown why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. W. MITCHELL,
Prothonotary.

Smethport, Pa., December 15, 1898.—41-3.

MANSFIELD NORMAL SCHOOL.

Six courses of study. Practical training school for teachers. A large Model School. Thirty able and experienced critic teachers. A large class in Kindergarten work. Strong corps teachers in all departments. New Laboratory. New Dept. this year of Agriculture and Nature Study; special attention given to Field Work. The best advantages for preparation for college. Certificates from this school admit to the best colleges. Particular attention is called to Departments of Elocution, Art and Music. Beautiful Grounds, Magnificent Buildings, Electric Lights, Elevator, Hospital with matron and trained nurse. Swedish Gymnastics taught. Fine Gymnasium. Large Athletic Grounds. Fall Term opens August 30; Winter Term November 29; Spring Term March 20; Special Term for teachers May 1. For catalogue giving full information of Courses of study, Expenses, Etc., address,

S. H. ALBRO, Ph. D., Principal,
15-20-99 Mansfield, Pa.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident
written by

W. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

Our Low Prices Attract Trade.

WE ARE PREPARED

For a big Holiday Trade, showing you four times the assortment of others and better goods for same money.

CHAIRS. The stock of Plain and Fancy Rockers at $1.00, $1.50 and up to $6.00 is a wonder. Special values at $2.50 and $3.00.

A big line of Morris Chairs at $5.00, $6.50, $8.50 and $10.50. This is a popular reclining chair, can be adjusted to four different positions and is just the thing for a *man*. We have easy leather chairs with or without rockers. Plush or Corduroy Rockers.

Big assortment of Children's Rockers and High Chairs.

Good value in Couches at $14, $15, $16 and $17. Cheaper ones at $9, but we advise a better one as they give much longer service.

White Carriage Robes for children at $3.50 to $5.00.

Fur floor rugs at $5. Large Moquette rugs, 27x63 inches, $1.98.

We place ten new styles of Chamber Suites on sale to-day at $13.50, $15 and $17. The greatest value at $25 ever shown, equal to any $35 suite on the market.

Rich line of Pictures at 10c, 19c, 39c, 75c. Special values at $2 to $5.

White easels for pictures at 60c, 90c, $1.25 and $1.50 large sizes.

Come in now, make your selections and we will hold goods and deliver at any time. Freight paid.

Large line ladies' desks in Mahogany or Golden Oak, special values at $5. White beds, brass trim, $2.98, $3.98 and $4.98. All brass beds at $16. Solid oak Sideboards, $12, $13, $15, $18 and at $25 a regular $30 board. Dining tables at $4.50 up to $25.

We pack and deliver all goods free. Our store will be open every evening until Christmas.

ANDREWS & CONKLING,
THE HOUSE FURNISHERS.
135-137-139 North Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

HARNESS, the best to be found.
CARRIAGES arriving daily.
CUTTERS and SLEIGHS for all.
HORSE clothing.
HARNESS & CARRIAGE supplies.
COME IN & inspect our stock.
Repair Work a specialty.

Coast, Stone & Coast,
258 N. Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

ATTENTION!

BARGAIN DAY SALE

R. Seger & Son will on all Saturdays hereafter, commencing with

Saturday, December 3rd, 1898,

have a bargain day sale. This is no fake sale but a genuine bona fide sale. All goods will be marked down far below the average price. These sales will only last one day each week and no goods can be bought during the week at these prices. The following are a few of the bargains that will be on sale next Saturday:

- Men's Heavy Winter Box Coats, formerly $15.00, on sale Saturday at $12.00.
- Men's Fine Blue Kerseys, formerly $14 and $15, on Saturday $10 and $12.
- Men's Fine All Wool Suits, from $8 up to $16, on sale Saturday from $5 up to $12.
- Boy's All Wool Suits, $4 up to $11, for this sale, $3 up to $8.
- Men's All Wool Underwear, $2.00 suit, this sale, $1.50 a suit.
- All Ties 39c and 19c.
- Shoes, $1.50 up to $5, this sale $1.00 up to $4.00.
- Cuffs, formerly 50c and 25c, for Sat. 40c and 20c.

All other goods in our store marked accordingly low. It will pay you to call and examine this entire new line and see some of the astonishing bargains we offer. Don't forget the date.

R. SEGER & SON,
Reilly Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

McCoy's Drug Store,
I. O. O. F. BLOCK, SMETHPORT, PA.

Coming Our Way

The Holiday Trade so far has exceeded our expectations—already we have had to disappoint some customers by saying, "All Gone"—but we are doing our best to have our orders duplicated in the city, for those goods that are going so fast.

Call and you will find what you want at

McCoy's Drug Store,
I. O. O. F. BLOCK, SMETHPORT, PA.

Liberal Discounts given to people buying Holiday Goods for Sunday or Day School classes.

Everybody Will Wish

For a Fine

New Year's Smoke.

We handle a choice line of Tobaccos and Cigars. Be sure and try the celebrated Pittsburg Stogies.

Come here for Candies, Oranges, etc.

E. C. Henry & Co.,
NASH BLOCK. *SMETHPORT, PA.*

Model Restaurant,

ALFRED HAGBERG, Propr.

I have recently purchased the Restaurant of W. G. Holder and am now prepared to serve

Hot or Cold Lunches and Meals at all Hours.

I also keep on hand the best, freshest and most complete stock of

OYSTERS AND FISH

to be found anywhere. Give me a trial and be convinced.

Tracy Block, Smethport, Pa.

IN BRADFORD

You can save money on most lines, and select from the widest variety.

This store carries most of the things that you buy, outside of food and dress. Most of our customers wish that we sold those things, too. If we carry a line you may be sure that we carry everything that belongs to it. We buy and sell so much that we can sell many things for less than most dealers can buy them.

You will find it very agreeable and profitable if you will get in the habit of coming here.

CHINA — We carry one hundred styles of dinner sets, ranging in price from $6.75 to $250.00. All other china lines equally as varied. We import our foreign china direct.

LAMPS — Among our several hundred lamp styles, you will find some remarkable bargains. For instance, we are selling some lamps now for $3.50 that we picked up in New York. Last spring we paid almost twice that for the very same lamps.

SKATES — We sell steel skates for men and boys—skates with Winslow's National Club Lever—for 40c per pair.

INCANDESCENT BURNERS—75 CTS.

The Apollo incandescent gas burner lasts longer than any other, and gives a white, clear light. We sell them, shade, chimney and all, for 75c. Apollo mantles, 18c.

RELIABLE GAS RANGES.

We have sold hundreds of these ranges around Bradford, and have never yet had a complaint. They are not only the best gas ranges—but better than all other ranges in fully twenty points. Prices $13.50 up.

HORSE GOODS. — We can save you probably 20 per cent. on a harness. We can save you on blankets and show you fifty styles. We can furnish you anything that a horse owner needs.

EMERY & WEAVER,

L. Emery, Jr., & Co., Bradford.

NEW GOODS AT STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG.

Call and examine same. Prices as low as the lowest.

Prices on all Winter Goods reduced to make room for Spring stock.

Several lines of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes at cost to close.

D. C. YOUNG,
Smethport, Pa.

Dec. 26, 1898.

GREAT SHOE SALE

Commencing to-day and continuing ten days we will sell shoes at greatly reduced price.

The stock consists of—

Ladies', Misses',
Childrens' and
Babies' Shoes.

Don't miss this opportunity to get shoes cheap.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers & Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

IT IS SAFE

To buy Clothing from us. Our experience and judgment is back of the selection. Choosing is safe and easy because we know Clothing—know the material—know the best makers—Cloths are all right and our Clothing is made to fit. As to prices

YOU CAN ALMOST INVARIABLY SAVE IN BUYING CLOTHING AT GREENEWALD'S.

Our Guarantee is Reliable.

124 Main St. GREENEWALD'S Bradford, Penn'a.

LEADING MODERN CLOTHIERS.

DRESS GOODS<

We invite the attention of lovers of the exquisite in Dress Materials to an elaborate line in Single Pattern pieces that we are showing just now. We need not multiply words to demonstrate to you the advantages of the single pattern piece method. All good dressers will appreciate it at sight.

Annual Clearing Sale.

Cloaks Blankets
Furs Comforters

Groceries

Fresh Provisions at right prices.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,
Smethport, Pa.

Take a Good Look at Yourself.

The best way to get a GOOD look is to come to my studio and get a photograph taken. The fine effects and finish of Platino pictures are sure to please you. "Come early and avoid the rush."

Entertain Your Friends

with an Improved Graphophone. Cheapness combined with a high altitude of excellence makes them good sellers. For further information call on

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer.
Smethport, Pa.

A Box of 25
AMERICAN GENLEMAN CIGARS
make a neat Xmas gift. No gentleman will refuse it, and your dealer has them in stock. Don't forget this, and insist on having the genuine article.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1898.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A happy New Year to all.

—The Racket store ad talks this week.

—Read J. Colegrove's cash bargain announcement.

—A. A. Daly, the Singer man presented the MINER with a '99 calendar.

—W. P. Walsh's new house on East Main street is enclosed and ere long will be ready for occupancy.

—Read the new advertisement of E. C. Henry & Co. They tell you how to commence the new year.

—The Christmas tree at the M. E. church last Saturday was a most enjoyable affair. Everybody was happy.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. have a clearance sale on in some of their departments and bargains in all of them. See ad.

—Mrs. Henry Hamlin gave a most enjoyable card and dancing party to her host of young friends Wednesday night.

—A. B. Armstrong & Co., the druggists, call attention to a 5 per cent. discount on all cash sales in their ad this week.

—"Dick" Jones, one of the employes at the glass works, has moved his family into rooms in Mrs. J. C. Backus' residence.

—C. O. Laymon has sold the Hardwick, Vt., Gazette and gives possession Jan. 1. The chances are that he will return to old McKean county.

—An exchange truthfully says: "It is never too late to mend unless your trousers' button breaks off while you are running to catch a train."

—An exchange says: "It takes lots of study and foresight to make a good farmer. Are you one?" If you are not, take the proper steps at once to become one.

—M. L. Armstrong has a new advertisement in this issue to which we would respectfully call your attention. He is still agent for the Columbia. Give him a call.

—Lost, strayed or stolen—our Port Allegany correspondent. If found and returned to this office the finder will be rewarded by receiving the prayers of our devil.

—With New Year greetings H. C. Wells announces new goods in all drug lines and calls attention to the 5 per cent rebate on cash sales in his advertisement this week.

—D. C. Young advertises new goods this week. He also intends to close out considerable stock to make room for spring stock. Read the advertisement and give him a call.

—The firm of Coast, Stone & Coast, 208 N. Union St., Olean, has a new advertisement in this issue. It would be well for persons wishing carriages, sleighs or horse goods to read it.

—No fowl should be allowed to get thoroughly wet, except a duck or a goose, says the Garden and Farm. The only way one could thoroughly wet either of the two named would be to open their mouths and insert a hose and let the water run.

—List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 24, 1898: Mrs. C. C. Brown, Miss Ora Howard, Miss Mary Martin, H. M. O'Brien, Miss Katie Stockman, J. N. Young. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—The year 1898 was uncommonly eventful in the United States, and it put the leading newspapers on their mettle. One paper that splendidly "rose to the occasion" was The Illustrated Buffalo Express. Always good, it was never better than it is at present.

—You are invited to attend the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the M. E. chapel on Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 3 p. m. The report of McKean county's delegate to the national convention of the W. C. T. U., Dr. Elizabeth D. Kane, will be read. A good attendance is desired.

—The MINER man had the pleasure of meeting Col. W. W. Brown and wife on the W. N. Y. & P. train from Olean Tuesday, while on their way to Washington from Bradford. In speaking of Adrian Sizer Col. Brown said he is one of the most efficient clerks in the department.

—There will be services at St. Luke's on Sunday. Rev. J. H. McCandless or Father Watson will officiate. The special service with festival music prepared for Christmas will be rendered on Sunday.

—Mrs. Eliza Barnes died at the home of her son, Samuel Barnes, on Marvin creek last Saturday, at the advanced age of 87 years. She was one of the oldest residents in that section. The funeral was held Monday.

—At Mt. Alton the school pupils were directed to compose a sentence containing the word damper. One of the boys formed this sentence: "Some of the teachers are too damper ticular about the English written in this class."—Bradford Post.

—Jones asked his wife: "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up and then he was going to tell her it is "Because his wife needs him." But she said it is "Because he is hard to get off her hands." A slight coolness followed.

—Every farmer should be the possessor of a low, wide-tired wagon. It is a great saving to horseflesh, does not leave deep ruts on your farm land and is a lasting benefit to the roads. Every farmer who owns one would not dispense with its use under any consideration.

—It may be all right for some of the newspapers to place old Santa Claus on a mule, but no up-to-date-nineteenth-century kid will ever recognize the old gentleman in that position or give him proper respect. Nothing but a fine pair of reindeers and a sledge will meet his approval.

—Albert Peeling of Port Allegany, an employe in one of the Austin mills, was almost instantly killed on Thursday of last week by being hit by a plank which was thrown from the edger. The unfortunate young man was to have been married the day following says the Austin Republican.

—After a holiday adjournment of three weeks the Travelers' Club will resume their work. The following will be the program for Saturday, Dec. 31: The House of Bourbon, Helen S. Morrison; Preachers and Prose Writers, Mollie Pierce; Character Sketch—Richelieu—Alice Hurdick.

—McKean Bros. have purchased the land and timber owned by the Extract Co. in Christian hollow and the standing timber owned by the same company in Kinney hollow up Marvin creek, in all about 10,000,000 feet. They have also purchased the mill at the lower end of town and will commence operations in the spring.

—Par B. Anderson of Kane came down last Thursday night to bid his hosts of friends good bye, as he started for Washington Sunday night to receive his instructions and credentials. The MINER congratulates the fortunate young man. He goes to Cuba as he has received the appointment as collector of one of the ports on the island.

—At the session of the quarterly conference of the Methodist Episcopal church held Friday evening, Dec. 23d, at the suggestion of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Walker, it was voted to offer to the Baptist people, who have recently lost their church edifice by fire, the use of the Methodist church, when not used by them, until a new church may be built.

—Does poultry raising pay? Not with little care or system, with hawks and vermin of all kinds feeding upon the flock, and destroying the garden and crops and roosting in the family carriage. It pays those who provide good quarters, protect from depredators including lice and thieves, and use good business management.—Farm Journal.

—The MINER has received Vol. 1, No. 1, of the Oswayo Record, edited by our old, or rather young, friend, F. S. Blackstone. The Record is a four-page six-column paper well filled with news of a most interesting character. Well, Fred, here is success to you and your enterprise, hoping you may make a Record of which your friends will feel proud.

—L. Emery, Jr., & Co. have a new advertisement in this week's issue telling you all about things you can get at their store in Bradford. For years this firm has filled the wants of many of our readers and they propose to start the new year bigger and better than ever. Read their advertisement and be sure to give them a call when in Bradford.

—An exchange speaks as follows of a man who always pays for his local paper in advance: "As a result he has never been sick a day in his whole life, never had any corns on his toes, is not troubled with toothache, his potatoes never rot, his oats never rust, the weasels never kill his chickens, his babies never cry at night, and last, but not least, his wife never scolds."

—Sixteen unmarried women, past 30 years of age, attend one of Franklinville's churches. That village is reported to have a larger percentage of old maids, according to its population, than any place in Cattaraugus county.—Ceres Mail. Gosh, what a snap this would be for our bachelor friends in town. We expect to see several of them pack their grips and start for Franklinville at once.

—Boys, if you take the trouble to work out the following problem, it will show exactly what people think you are: Place the year of your birth on a piece of paper, add your age at your last birthday last year (not this year), multiply the result by 1,000 and subtract 682,423. Substitute for figures letters of the alphabet, a for 1, b for 2, c for 3 etc., and read the result very carefully.—Exchange.

—The Kane Republican very aptly says: The nimble penny makes business brisk. If everyone who has money by him will go and pay the debt he owes as far as his money will go, he would help many others to pay who must collect from those who owe them before they can begin to pay their own bills. It is always a safe investment to pay your debt with the first money you have in hand.

—The MINER is pleased to note the happy and contented look upon the faces of the merchants in our town who planted their advertisements in its columns. Several of them complained of excessive fatigue last Sunday morning. Mr. Lindholm informed the MINER last Monday night that they had never enjoyed such a trade before, and six of them were kept hustling all the time to wait on their many customers.

—The late William B. Smallridge of Glenville, W. Va., a veteran of the Civil War, carried a bullet in his heart for thirty-seven years. His death was not due to the presence of the bullet, and in fact he never suffered any inconvenience from it. Before his death he asked his physician, in the interest of science, to make an autopsy in order to find the bullet. The physician did so, and found it embedded in the heart.—Exchange.

—The MINER takes the following from the Scientific American, giving the dimensions of the Park Row building in New York city. Height, 390 feet; number of stories, 29; depth of foundation, 54 feet; height from bottom of foundation to top of flag pole, 501 feet; number of offices, 950; estimated number of occupants, 4,000; number of windows, 2,095; total weight, 20,000 tons; cost $3,000,000. It seems almost incredible that such a structure could stand up, but from the illustration given it looks very substantial.

—The recital given by Miss Helen McCoy Monday evening was a decided success. The pupils showed careful training in touch and time, several eliciting marked applause for their execution. Miss Agnes McCoy sang two solos in her usual pleasing manner and responded to hearty encores. Miss Helen McCoy goes to Buffalo next week to study music under Miss Whelpton, a pupil of Leschetizky.

—Shell out the nickels and dig up the dimes, turn 'em loose and whistle and we'll have better times; there will be fewer patches on the bosom of our pants, and we'll make a better paper if we get a half a chance. Don't give us that old story long gone to seed, 'bout taking more papers than the family want to read, but help to feed the printer and he'll help your town to grow, and thus escape the sulphur in the regions down below.—Exchange.

—Two remarkable surgical operations for the purpose of stopping internal hemorrhage have been performed by Dr. Habart of Vienna. In the case of a young man who had fired four slugs into himself, the surgeon cut into the thoracic cavity, removing one of the ribs, and stuffed a yard and a half of iodoform gauze between the heart and lungs. The other case, that of a man stabbed through the armpit, was treated in the same way. Both patients recovered and are now perfectly well.—Exchange.

—Sad experience of a Warren man.—He criticised her pudding and he didn't like her cake; he wished she'd make biscuits like "his mother used to make." She did not wash the dishes and she did not make the stew; and she did not mend the stockings, "as his mother used to do." Oh, well, she wasn't perfect, but she tried to do her best, until at length her time had come to have a little rest; so when one day he growled and whined the whole day through and through, she turned him up and fanned his pants, "as his mother used to do."—Warren Mirror.

—Large numbers of the residents of Bridgeport have started what is known as a "Non-Treating Club." It is claimed that over one thousand of the young men are already wearing the button of the order. This is most commendable and the MINER hopes it will meet with success. It is the surest way to temperance and drunkenness will be reduced ninety per cent. The social drinking habit is the curse of our land. It is to be hoped that the example set by the young men of Bridgeport will be followed all over our broad domain and drunkenness will be comparatively unknown.

—Speaking of queer names, the Danville (Ky.) Advocate recalls that a Madison county school has been taught in succession by a Sparrow, a Duck and a Crow. The Cynthiana Democrat says that at Washington and Lee University the close of a session found but two graduates who received the A. B. degree. One was Bugg and the other Bair. The Richmond Register says that in that city a Hogg and a Pigg were taught by a Cobb, and the Sharpsburg World rises to remark: "This village contains two hotels. One is the Wood House and the other is the Ware House.—Exchange.

—"Week of Prayer" will commence in the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday, Jan. 1st. In the morning at 10:30 the pastor will preach on the following subject: "The Promise of the Father." The mission of the Holy Spirit. In the evening at 7:30 the subject will be, "Human Life at its Best." A New Year's sermon. There will be special prayer service in the Epworth chapel each evening except Saturday, services to commence at 7:30 o'clock. A most cordial invitation to all Christians to unite in these services, as well as all who may desire to enter upon the new life.

—The Austin Republican has made a grand fight for the suppression of the pig's ear nuisance in Potter county, but at least week's term of criminal court the Republican met with a great disappointment in failing to convict persons whom it had considered guilty of illegal liquor-selling. It was ever thus. Men who will tell the truth in any other matter will equivocate and dodge the issue when testifying in a liquor suit. It reminds the writer of a time several years ago in Potter county when he was foreman of a grand jury. Forty-three liquor cases, mostly from Austin, were presented to the grand jury most of them on constable returns. When the witnesses were brought before the grand jury not one of them would testify that they had purchased a drop of liquor from the defendants. The consequence was that the whole batch of 43 cases was nolle prossed. The surest way to bring about conviction in these pig's ear cases is to employ a person especially for that purpose and thus secure evidence that will convict.

A Fine Picture.

Drop in at Gleason's gallery and look at a bromide enlargement by William H. Rau of Philadelphia of a photograph, taken last summer by Gleason. The subject is stalks of lilies, bearing large white gold-banded blossoms (lilium aurum).

Miss Scull copyrighted the picture under the title of "In the Beauty of the Lilies". All will recall the expression as the opening of the last verse of Mrs. Howe's grand "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free—
While God is marching on.

Our photographer is to be congratulated on making a negative that will bear such enlargement with losing neither distinctness nor softness.

Installation of Officers.

HEADQUARTERS MCKEAN POST,
NO. 347, DEP'T OF PENN'A, G. A. R.,
SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 28, 1898.

Public installation of the officers for the ensuing year will be made by Past Commander J. M. McElroy at the post rooms, I. O. O. F. hall, on Thursday evening, Jan'y 5, 1899. The officers of the W. R. C., No. 23, will be installed immediately after the post officers.

All comrades are requested to be present in full uniform. By command of
E. R. MAYO, Commander.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

Clarion Normal graduated its first class in 1888. The graduates are pushing to the front in the profession of teaching. The superintendent of schools in the counties of Clarion, Forest and Jefferson is each a graduate of this institution. The winter term begins Jan. 3, 1899.

Men Wanted.

F. C. Olds of Newerf wishes to hire sixty or seventy men to cut wood at the head of Robbins brook. Liberal price per cord given.

For Rent.

Convenient rooms for housekeeping for small family. Inquire of Mrs. G. R. Moore, 901 East Main street.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Discount of 5 per cent on all purchases of $1.00 or more by paying cash at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s.

R. Seger & Son wish to call particular attention to their fine line of ladies' collars and cuffs.

Messrs. E. C. Henry & Co. are headquarters for the sale of Pittsburg stogies. Give them a trial.

Neckwear in all colors and shapes at R. Seger & Son's.

Those Rules Again.

Persons passing the school house any day from 11:45 to 1 p. m. can see a flock of shivering little ones standing at the corner, warm and cold, waiting for the [illegible] to let them into the school house. The writer has this week seen a teacher pass through the crowd, enter the building and after closing the door [illegible] the shivering pupils alone and lock the door in the faces of the younger ones. This seems cruel and inhuman, and it is certainly prejudicial to the good health of a child to be compelled to stand in the cold after having become heated hurrying to school. Whoever has authority should see that this rule is changed during the winter months.

When the above article appeared in the MINER of Dec. 9 Mr. Eckels came to this office and accused the MINER of unjustly attacking the school house rules. As stated in our issue of Dec. 16 he agreed to write an explanation of the facts, which his own words quoted in that issue clearly shows, but he changed his mind. If Mr. Eckels had done as he agreed there would have been no need for further controversy, but instead he rushes into print through the Democrat, after the columns of the MINER had been freely offered him.

To begin with, he says: "In the MINER of two weeks ago appeared an article which bore on its face the proof that the writer was inexcusably ignorant of the matter on which he wrote."

Now, if necessary, the writer of the article in question is prepared to make affidavit that every statement contained therein is correct and true. And he is not so "inexcusably ignorant," perhaps, on this matter as our illustrious professor imagines. No personal reflection on Mr. Eckels was intended. At that time it was not known that he was the author of the obnoxious rule that bars some of the scholars from the warmth of the school room during certain hours of the school day, although it was known to exist.

Mr. Eckels also states: "This information was furnished him in writing—." The only writing received from Mr. Eckels was published in the MINER of Dec. 16 and consisted principally of the rules the MINER asks to have abolished during the winter months.

He further says: "He (the editor of the MINER) knew that any child who was inside of the school house at noon could get out at any time by speaking to one of the teachers, or during their absence, to the janitor." If some of the teachers or the janitor are in the building during the noon hour why should not they be allowed to let a child in as well as out? An able-bodied janitor, alone and unaided, ought also to be able to prevent the small pupils from defacing or carrying away our magnificent school building, even though the portals remain unlocked. Are we to understand that the pupils who are allowed to eat their dinners within the sacred precincts of the Smethport high school building must be considered as wingless seraphs and those who are compelled to walk long distances and stand shivering in the cold upon their return as vandals? It would seem so.

In conclusion Mr. Eckels says: "We are glad of well meant criticism and shall always do our best to profit by them." Our criticism, if such it can be called, was nothing if not well meant. It was indited in the interest of the health and comfort of the pupils of the schools, and we can see no sensible reason why Prof. Eckels or anyone else should take offense where none was intended.

The MINER for a number of years has had the warmest regard for Mr. Eckels as a gentleman and a scholar. As a teacher he has few superiors as to ability and discipline, and no one was more pleased than the MINER when he was selected as principal of our schools. So far so good. Mr. Eckels takes unto himself and his able corps of teachers the article in regard to keeping children standing in the cold in such weather as predominated on Thursday, Dec. 8, when the article in question was written. That day the mercury was playing around zero and the wind was blowing down King street at a rate of speed that was hard to walk against, and humanity ought to have inspired any teacher who saw children standing there shivering to have broken the rules and taken them in out of the cold.

Mr. Eckels lays great stress on preserving our fine school building, for he says: "Our building is a good one and we believe it should be cared for." Very true and proper, and highly commendable in him to do so. But the physical structures of our many little pupils are also good ones and the MINER believes their health should be of far more importance than a school building, and we believe that every one of the able teachers in our schools would prefer to see a few marks defacing the walls of the building than be called upon to visit some of their bright young pupils suffering in the last throes of pneumonia caused by standing out doors in zero weather. A few marks on a school house wall would be soon forgotten, but it would require years to efface from their memory such painful scenes as would follow should some thinly clad little tot be so unfortunate as to contract a fatal cold and her spirit be wafted away to a land where school house doors are not kept locked.

Attempted Suicide.

Foreman C. M. Rhodes of the Buffalo & St. Marys R. R. attempted suicide at his camp at Wildwood on Dec. 25th by shooting himself twice with a Winchester rifle. Three shots were fired, only two taking effect; one in the right side near the nipple, which came out at the back slightly above where it entered; the other making a slight wound in the left side. He was taken to St. Marys and an examination showed that the wounds were not fatal and the chances favorable for his recovery.

There are various theories advanced as a reason for the rash act and wild rumors are afloat connecting the shooting with the murder of Canan Shibley, near Wildwood in July. Mr. Rhodes was a witness at the trial of Tomas for the murder referred to and could not withstand the ingenious cross examination conducted by Att'y Cotter and his evidence was shaken to some extent. This has evidently preyed upon his mind and he took to drinking to excess and the combination in all probability unbalanced him. Rhodes acknowledges doing the shooting but does not present any reason for it except that excessive drinking unbalanced his mind.

It is a very unfortunate affair and even though he may entirely recover from the result of the wounds it will take a long time to fully recover from the despondency necessarily attendant upon an act as rash as this one.

There is no foundation whatever to any rumor which attempts to connect Mr. Rhodes with the murder of Shibley and any such insinuations are unjust and cruel, to put it mildly. While Mr. Rhodes prefers to hush the matter up it seems only fair that the facts be presented to the public.

Many a household is saddened by death because of the failure to keep on hand a safe and absolutely certain cure for croup such as One Minute Cough Cure. See that your little ones are protected against emergency. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The Clarion Normal has the largest Senior Class this year, except that of 1901, in its history. The winter term which begins Jan. 3, 1899, promises to be one of the very best.

Smoke the "Yahoo Girl."

PERSONAL MENTION.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Hon. T. A. Morrison and wife spent Sunday in Kane.

Chas. Kaufman of Eldred was in town the first of the week.

S. D. Weaver hobnobbed with Bradford friends Christmas.

Rev Gifford is home from Cleveland to enjoy the holidays.

W. T. Seger spent Christmas with his parents at Emporium.

Commissioner Lemuel Davis partook of turkey at Kane Sunday.

Louis March of Bradford was calling on friends in town Tuesday.

A. Wicks of Cyclone called at the MINER office Wednesday evening.

H. L. Burlingame spent Christmas with his son, Wilbur, in Olean.

W. P. Eckels and John Rooney transacted business in Olean Tuesday.

Mrs. S. D. Weaver visited her parents at Kane during the past week.

J. M. McElroy of Bradford was a pleasant visitor in town Christmas.

Prof. W. L. Cooper of Bradford was a brief sojourner in town Wednesday.

Gus Cable of Bradford was a pleasant caller at the MINER office Monday.

Leo Moore of Coleville is the guest of Herbert Verdon during his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin spent Christmas with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Mott Peters of Buffalo spent Sunday with Mrs. Mahon of Main street.

T. H. Morrison arrived home last Thursday evening to spend the holidays with his parents.

Mrs. Mary Bissett of Bradford spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Reilly.

Mrs. Sarah Rice of New Castle spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John G. Todd of King street.

John Stranahan and sister, Miss Cynthia, of LeBouf, Erie Co., are visiting friends in this vicinity.

F. N. Taylor came up from Youngstown, N. Y., Wednesday morning to greet old friends here.

H. H. Jones and wife and their son, Emri Jones, and wife were guests of Sheriff Davis and wife Sunday.

Julius Dumjohn, one of the solid farmers of Clermont, was a most agreeable caller at the MINER office Wednesday.

Miss Lulu Keenan of Buffalo and Miss Edna Keenan of Bradford spent the holidays with their parents in town.

W. F. Potter, city editor, and H. J. Bryan, business manager of the Bradford Era, were in town last Tuesday calling on their many friends.

W. A. Ostrander arrived home from Philadelphia last Friday night and has been assisting Messrs. Armstrong & Co. in their drug store.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette arrived home from Newark, Ohio, last Friday night and gave their relatives and friends a complete and happy surprise.

D. H. Burnham of Eldred was a most agreeable caller at the MINER office Monday. Mr. B. is one of those wonderfully rare men to find who keep ahead of the printer.

John Troy, the hustling insurance man of Olean, called at this office Tuesday morning and, of course, as usual the MINER is supplied with calendars for the next year.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless returned from New York city last Saturday and has been confined to the house ever since with a severe attack of la grippe. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he is improving.

J. B. Keefe, formerly of this place but now general traveling freight agent for several railroads in the middle West, with headquarters at Omaha, Neb., arrived in town last Saturday to visit his mother. He was a pleasant caller at the Miner office Monday.

J. H. Tate of Clermont was a most agreeable caller at the MINER office last Saturday. Mr. Tate and the MINER man enjoyed a pleasant chat over the new oil field at Gaines, Pa., where as boys they used to go in swimming in the limpid waters of old Pine creek. John, those days of "auld lang syne" were most enjoyable and happy.

Pleasant for Supt. Ryan.

The county poor farm, which is one of McKean county's most important institutions, is probably less familiar to the average citizen, than any other institution within the jurisdiction of the county officials. The farm comprises about 320 acres of land and all the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the county's poor, as well as barns and out-buildings required for the housing of horses and cattle. Tuesday afternoon, in company with County Commissioners Hungiville and Young, an Era reporter spent several hours at the county poor farm. Superintendent Thomas H. Ryan piloted the visitors through the different buildings and showed them just how the poor farm is conducted. The buildings were found to be in excellent shape, spotlessly clean and in a perfect sanitary condition. Sixty-one persons, old and young, are the guests of Superintendent Ryan at the present time. In conversation with a number of the charges, the Era representative learned of the commendable manner in which the comfort and health of all in the buildings are looked after by Mr. Ryan and his estimable wife. They take a personal interest in the unfortunates who have been placed by misfortune in their care and not an inmate of the poor house has anything but praise to offer for the kindness of the superintendent and his wife. Miss Mary McCabe, a young lady who is a graduate of Columbia hospital, Washington, acts as nurse of the poor farm and by her untiring care and tender attention, she has won the love of everybody on the farm, from the oldest charge to little Sammy, a 6-year-old waif who is being cared for by Mr. Ryan. The inmates of the buildings are well fed, comfortably clothed and looked after much more carefully than many of them were before they became county charges.—Era.

A Birthday Reunion.

A very pleasant party gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Hall of Coleville Saturday, Dec. 24, the event being the 70th birthday of Mrs. Louisa Verden Hall, mother of seven children who with their families were present to celebrate the occasion and assist in putting the bountiful spread prepared out of sight. All did their best in that direction. Mrs. Hall was the recipient of many beautiful and useful gifts. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Hall presented each individual present with a souvenir in remembrance of the happy occasion. About 4 o'clock Photographer H. C. Gleason appeared with his machine and placed it before the audience. The result remains to be seen.

You Can Make Money

On one of the best family medicines put up to date. Wanted quick, one local agent in every town and village in McKean, Potter and Elk counties. Write at once for further information to
CHAS M. BENSON, Sole Agent.
Colegrove, Pa., Dec. 6-3t

For Sale.

A fine pair of draught horses, aged four and five years, weighing 2,650 pounds, well matched as to color and size, full brothers.
H. W. RODDUK,
36 6-4 Farmers Valley, Pa.

For Sale.

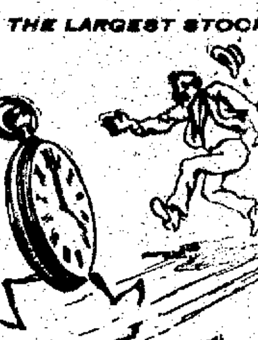
A fine residence in Smethport, within 3 minutes' walk of the court house; gas, water and closets. The house is a two-story structure, large and commodious. Will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office.

For Sale.

On farm at Larabee, Pa., ten fat dry cows; better for beef than milk. S. P. Hickard, who lives on the farm, is authorized to sell them.
D. C. YOUNG.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 15, 1898-tf

The finest of room moulding 60 varieties to select from. Call on L. Koenig Water street.

Give the "Yahoo Girl" a puff.



Holiday Gifts

Is What We Have.

AND THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Watches
Solid Silver Table Ware
Cut Glass
Clocks
Toilet Ware
Silk Umbrellas

Diamonds
Silver Plated Ware
Gold and Silver Watches
Chains
Charms

AND A MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES OF ALL KINDS.

It will be of interest to everyone contemplating making Holiday Gifts to call or write for what they may want.

All Goods Guaranteed at the Leading Jewelry and Optical Store of

LOOK FOR THE BIG WATCH SIGN.

C. H. ROBIE,
143 Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

A Happy New Year to All.

I wish to inform the public that I am located in the Reilly Block and will be pleased to meet all my customers and friends.

I have a new line of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONERY, TOBACCO and CIGARS. The Prescription Department is all new—no old goods. You will be sure of getting full strength.

For every Dollar's worth of goods bought for Cash you will receive 5c back at the time. This it to take the place of the Periodical Scheme that is started. Don't forget the place.

REILLY BLOCK. **H. C. WELLS.**

HOT SODA: All Popular Flavors,
Canned Goods,
Fresh Candy,
Fresh Bread
AT
Brasted's

The New Year—1899.

Welcome, thrice welcome, new born king,
Hail! hail!! All hail we loudly sing;
The old has gone ne'er to appear—
Take thou the throne for one brief year.
Six thousand kings have filled thy place,
Since Eden's garden named our race;
Grand years so full of marvels told—
That human heart clings to the old.

The past, the past, we all hold dear,
We bid it go with falling tear;
The many years our memories hold—
Are greater wealth than mines of gold.
Call up we days, and names so sweet,
Dear ones on earth no more to meet;
But thanks we feel. To us is given—
To greet them in a promised heaven.

The past is food for thought and joy,
The retrospect our minds employ;
Sweep o'er the fields to childhood's days—
And linger long in youthful plays.
Walk up to summits fair and clear,
Where rarest music charms the ear;
Wander through fields of fragrant flowers—
And spend in peace the passing hours.

"Home, sweet home," we can ne'er forget,
Its loving memories linger yet;
No place in all the distant past
Can in our hearts so dearly last.
"Of youth and home and that sweet time,"
When hearts were held by yours and mine;
"Home, home, sweet home," come back once more,
Return to us from distant shore.

Yes! Yes!! Most cordial blooming year,
Thy throne of love we cannot fear;
Be kind and in thee we'll repose—
Until thy reign with us shall close.
Turn from the past to future life,
Awake and arm for every strife:
Our steps are veiled, but forward go—
For none but God our lives can know.

L. T. W.

Some Newspaper Rules.

The following newspaper rules are offered for adoption by the Eldorado Herald:

For calling a man a progressive citizen, when everybody knows he is lazier than a government mule, $2.75.

Referring to a deceased citizen as one who is sincerely mourned by the community, when we know he will be missed only in poker circles, $1.08.

Referring to some gallivanting female as an "estimable lady whom it is a pleasure to meet," when every business man in town would rather see the devil coming, hoof, horns and all, than to see her coming toward him, $3.19.

Speaking of a candidate as a pleasant amiable gentleman who is spoken well of by a large circle of friends who have pushed his claim to office rather against the gentleman's will, when we all know he has always wanted some office from roadmaster up, since he was 21 years old, $1.07 per speak.

Calling an ordinary pulpit pounder an "eminent divine," 60 cents.

Traveling quack doctor as the eminent physician and surgeon, or illustrious disciple of Esculapius, $6.09.

Pettifogger as legal luminary or expounder of Blackstone, $2.13.

Bride as charming, young, talented and wealthy, when she has yellow hair, green eyes, wart on her nose, hump backed, can't read large wood letters and has a wooden leg, $1.26.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than A. B. Armstrong & Co., who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and $1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Holiday Excursion Rates over the B., R. & P. R'y.

In accordance with the usual custom the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway will issue excursion tickets between all stations on its line, account Christmas and New Year's holidays, at a fare and one third for the round trip. Tickets to be sold and good going on December 23, 24, 25, 26, 30 and 31, 1898, and January 1 and 2, 1899, limited for return passage until January 3rd, 1899.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of pain prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. The same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Holiday Excursion Rates.

The W. N. Y. & P. Ry. will sell excursion tickets to points on their line and return on December 23, 24, 25, 26, 30 and 31, 1898, and January 1 and 2, 1899, good for return to January 3, 1899. Call on agents for particulars.

When in need of a good smoke ask for the "Yahoo Girl" and "Mayola" cigars.

John Vanblad,
Practical Horseshoer.

I have rented the blacksmith shop of T. H. Purtle and am now well prepared to do

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

of all kinds in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

Special attention to shoeing interfering and sore horses.

A share of your patronage solicited.

John Vanblad,
WATER ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Re-Opened.

EXCELSIOR MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS.

Is now ready for business and prepared to fill all orders for Marble and Granite work, Cemetery fencing, Etc., Etc.

Works Cor. Franklin & Water Sts., Smethport, Pa.

P. O.--LARABEE, PA.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth.
Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

A Word With You Of Seasonable Sense

What conclusion have you arrived at regarding Holiday gifts? Will you spend the money you have set aside, with which to purchase happiness for your friends, on useful or comparatively useless articles? Either brings happiness The former to be followed by additional happiness; the latter by regrets. Why not invest in something typical of your affections—to stand the test of years

A HANDSOME CHAIR, A CHIFFONIER, CENTER TABLE, DESK, SIDEBOARD, LOUNGE, HALL RACK, HANDSOME CARPET OR RUG, SET OF DISHES, CHAMBER SET, BRASS BED, BED ROOM SUITE, MUSIC CASE.

or any of the thousand and one articles that we carry, of the best and in endless variety, at the lowest possible prices.

"That Cheap Look" is not a characteristic of our furniture.

SLOAN & ERVIN,
16 Main Street, - - BRADFORD, PA

M. L. Armstrong,

Practical Jeweler.

A fine line of everything in first-class jewelry at prices that are right. When you want anything in this line give me a call. I keep a full line of optical goods. All repairing neatly and promptly done.

Columbia Agent.

It is pretty near time for you to think about that new bicycle. Remember this year you can afford the luxury of a Columbia Chainless. $900 worth of comfort for $75. Place your order now and have a wheel early.

M. L. Armstrong,
American Express Agt SMETHPORT, PA.

WELL DRESSED YOUNG MEN

Have a Most Decided Advantage.

It has never before been so easy for any young man who has the desire to be extra well dressed, to do so for such a small amount of money. New Fall and Winter Suits in the latest styles and from the newest woolens.

$5.50 SUITS AT $5.50

and upwards that you have always had to pay a great deal more for.

Hats, Neckwear, Furnishings,

and the little things that finish out a young man's outfit, all may be had here at a most decided and desirable saving.

H. W. Rubin & Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

5 per cent.

Every purchaser of goods to the amount of $1.00 or more and paying cash will be given a discount of 5 cents on each dollar purchase, at

A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s,
DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumes, Stationery, Books, Etc.,
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

Where are We at?

Our Office is at
Smethport, McKean County, Pa.

BUT

We are with You if you wish to Buy

Only a sample order will convince you that You're with Us

Lumber
Lath
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Siding
Flooring
Ceiling
Mouldings
Doors
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Screens
Glass.

Call and see us, or write us for quotations.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT!

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

GYPSYING.

When you and I go gypsying, we'll laugh the whole day long.
We'll stop at every cottage gate and thrill our hearts with song
We'll live the joy of summer skies when hope was well begun.
When you and I go gypsying, we'll travel toward the sun.

We'll quit the old, old jangle that shall never cease to be.
The charm of love whose mystic spell is over you and me.
Our hearts will know a rapture fine, that time can ne'er outrun.
When you and I go gypsying, we'll travel toward the sun.

With some far eastern splendor strange, with gleams unthought delight
We'll fill our eager vision as it looks beyond the night.
And still, behind the fire that burns within our heart as one,
When you and I go gypsying, we'll travel toward the sun.

We'll leave behind us every care and see our way afar.
Beyond the low horizon's verge to some love lighted star
We'll dream the dreams of earth no more, a happier dream begun
When you and I go gypsying we'll travel toward the sun.

—Lewis Worthington Smith in Independent.

GINGER NUTS.

The king of Macronia (the land of macaroons), who for some time had been in the prime of life had just arisen and was seated only in his bed. His house minister was there and handed him his hose. In the heel of one sock was a hole. The king was wont to pay more attention to his beautiful boots than to whole socks. However, the hole did not escape his sharp eyes. In disgust he took the sock out of the minister's hand and pushed his fore finger through the hole clear up to his knuckle, saying

"Of what use is it that I am king since I have no wife? What do you say to my marrying?"

"Your majesty, that is a sublime thought, a thought that would certainly have occurred to me, if I may make so bold, had I not felt that your majesty most assuredly would deign to utter it for yourself."

"Beautiful!" replied the king. "But do you believe that I shall be able to find a wife suitable for me?"

"Pooh! Ten where others could find but one!" said the courtier.

"A princess to please me must be clever and beautiful and there is one point on which I lay especial stress. You know how fond I am of gingernuts. In my whole kingdom there is not a person who understands how to bake them exactly right, and the princess whom I choose must know how to do this to perfection."

When the minister heard this, he gave a whistle of dismay but quickly collecting himself said

"A king like your majesty will without doubt find a princess who understands how to bake ginger nuts."

"We shall see, we shall see!" said the king, and on the very same day accompanied by the minister he began a tour of the kingdoms of his different neighbors whom he knew had princesses to give in marriage.

Only three princesses were found who were beautiful and clever enough to suit the king, and of these not one could bake ginger nuts.

"I really cannot bake ginger nuts," said the first princess in answer to the king's question, "but I can make beautiful little almond cakes. Wouldn't these suit you?"

"No," replied the king. "I must have ginger nuts."

The second princess in reply to the same question mocked at the king and said angrily

"What nonsense! Princesses who can bake ginger nuts do not exist!"

The king fared worse at the hands of the third, who was the most beautiful and the most charming.

She gave the king no opportunity to ask his question, but took things into her own hands and demanded whether he knew how to play on the jew's harp, and when he said he did not she sent him away. He pleased her very much she admitted, but she was so extravagantly fond of the music of the jew's harp that she would never marry a man that could not play it.

The king and his minister returned home, and as they alighted from their carriage the king said

"Nothing has come of all this."

"Nothing, your majesty," said the minister mournfully.

"What shall I do?" sighed the king. "I must have a wife."

"If you would only give up the ginger nuts," ventured the minister timidly.

"For the good of my people I will!" exclaimed the noble king and he resolved to marry the princess whom he had first sought.

"She is the one who knows how to bake almond cakes, he said. Go and ask her if she will be my wife."

The minister went, returned the next day, and said she was no longer in the matrimonial market, for she had married the king of the Land of Capers.

"Then go to the second princess," said the king. Again the minister returned without having accomplished anything, for this princess had died.

Then the king thought a long time. He absolutely must have a wife, so he ordered the minister to go to the third princess and see if she had changed her mind. The minister obeyed, though he did it unwillingly for his wife assured him that his errand was a useless one.

The king anxiously awaited his return. His mind was on her question concerning the jew's harp, and the remembrance of it was most annoying.

The third princess received the minister very cordially. She said she had changed her mind about marrying a man who could play the jew's harp.

"Dreams are but vain and empty things, especially those of youth."

She realized that her wish could not be fulfilled, and as the king pleased her she had decided to marry him.

The minister rode home as fast as his horse could go, and the king embraced him, and conferred so many decorations on him that he had to wear some of them on his head.

The town was trimmed with bunting, garlands were thrown across the streets from house to house, and the marriage was so splendidly celebrated that the people could talk of nothing else for a fortnight.

All went well with the king and queen for a year. The king had quite forgotten his ginger nuts and the queen her jew's harp.

However, the king got out of bed one morning with the wrong foot foremost and after that of course all went wrong. It rained the entire day, the imperial globe fell down and the little cross on the top broke off, the court painter brought a new globe on which Macronia was painted red instead of blue, as he had been ordered, and to cap the climax the queen had a headache.

It came to pass that the wedded pair quarreled for the first time, why or wherefore they knew not. In short the king was cross and the queen was snappy, and would have the last word. After the quarrel had gone on for some time the queen shrugged her shoulders disdainfully and said

"You've found fault the entire day. And why, pray—you, who can't so much as play the jew's harp?"

He retorted sharply

"You've nothing to say. You can't even bake ginger nuts."

For the first time the queen did not reply, but remained quiet, and without exchanging another word they went to their respective rooms.

The queen seated herself in a corner of the sofa and wept and thought sadly

"What a foolish wife you are! Have you lost your reason? You should not have begun a quarrel so stupidly."

The king paced up and down his room, folded his hands and said:

"It is truly a bit of good luck that my wife can't bake ginger nuts. Why did I answer her when she reproached me for not knowing how to play on the jew's harp?"

After repeating this three or four times he felt more cheerful. He began to whistle his favorite tune, examined the large portrait of the queen which hung in his room, mounted a chair, and with his handkerchief brushed off a cobweb that hung over her nose and said

"She is surely fretting, my good little wife. I'll see what she's doing."

He went down the long hall to her door. All had gone wrong on this day. The servant had even forgotten the lamps, although it was 8 o'clock and quite dark. He entered the room, putting out his hands before him so as not to stumble against the furniture. Suddenly he felt something warm.

"Who is it?" he said.

"It is I," replied the queen.

"What's the matter, my pet?"

"I want to ask your forgiveness," said the queen, "for having been so cross."

"You don't need to do that at all," said the king, throwing his arms about her neck. "I'm more to blame than you are. Let's forget all about it. There are two terms that we'll never allow used in our kingdom, jew's harp and"—

"And ginger nuts," interrupted the queen, laughing as she secretly wiped two little tears from her eyes.—From the German For Short Stories.

RILEY'S JOKES.

The Hoosier Poet Talks Interestingly to a Reporter

The Hoosier Poet was busy when the Tales of the Town man called upon him.

"Glad you came in," he said. "Not that I've been—but that's a General New's story. General New of the Indianapolis Journal called on General Grant during the latter's first term and found the president warrior laughing heartily. Of course New looked as though he wanted to know the reason and the general told him. He said he'd just had a call from an old friend who lived in Galena Ills, one of his early day acquaintances, who said he'd been in Washington for two or three days, but had been so busy that he was unable to call upon his old friend the president, any sooner, and he apologized for the delay. General Grant looked at him in his comical fashion and gravely said

"'Well, John, I haven't been lonesome.'

"You see, the visit occurred at a time when the president was being harassed to death by callers from all directions, who had driven him nearly to distraction.

"A man who travels a good deal comes to know towns because of certain points that are usually entirely personal with him. Sometimes a bad hotel, sometimes an extremely early train will stamp a characteristic on a town. I remember that my old friend Bill Nye was once chatting with Senator Shirley of Maine and remarked upon the fact that he (Nye) was born at Shirley in the senator's state, adding that the town had doubtless been named for one of the senator's ancestors.

"'I didn't know,' said the senator, 'that there was such a town in Maine as Shirley.'

"'I didn't know it either,' said Nye, 'until I was born there!'"

And the poet went on with his writing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE COWED THE BULLY

Harold Frederic's Encounter With a Lordly Prussian Lieutenant.

Harold Frederic's self confidence and power of dominating strangers stood him in good stead in one of his first visits—if not his very first visit—to Berlin. The incident as he related it seemed natural enough to an American not brought up in awe of a military caste, but to those who know Germany it was almost surprising that he came through it with his life. He had been paying some formal diplomatic calls, and in the evening dropped in at the Café Bauer in the unwonted glory of a frock coat and a tall silk hat. This hat was carefully hung on a hat stand, and Frederic sat down to read an English newspaper just arrived.

Enter a particularly fine specimen of the lieutenant, booted and spurred and sworded and epauletted. He brushed against the hat stand, knocked Frederic's hat over into the sawdust and swaggered to his seat without so much as looking around. The slight to the hat was more than Frederic could endure.

In a towering passion he went to the lieutenant, stood over him and pointed to the object on the floor. "Pick up that hat, sir," he roared. The officer stared amazed, the waiters were paralyzed with terror at hearing one so much more than human so addressed by a civilian. "Pick up that hat!" repeated Frederic in a tone more menacing than before. And the lieutenant did what he was told. He was as irresistibly dominated by the courage and force of the man as a schoolboy before his master, or perhaps he thought Frederic carried the customary west American revolver.—Saturday Review.

The Danger of Disease.

The danger from a case of diphtheria in New York at any season of the year is far greater than the danger from a case of yellow fever in the same place. Still persons who would shun a street where a case of yellow fever existed would deliberately enter the apartment of a person suffering from diphtheria. A serious outbreak of typhoid fever creates but little consternation and the presence in our midst of innumerable cases of tuberculosis, a disease which is responsible for an incredible number of deaths, is looked upon with indifference by the public. The misconception in regard to the danger from this class of diseases often renders the efforts of health officials ineffectual.—Alvah H Doty M D in North American Review.

Too Suggestive of Luxury

"Doctor," said the member of parliament for a rural district, "are you sure it's gout that has attacked me?"

"Positive. But you needn't be alarmed. It's nothing very serious."

"Doctor, you don't appreciate the situation. You don't know what a prejudice against gout there is in my community. I don't ask you to do anything contrary to your conscience, but if I manage to get the story started that I caught my toe in a piece of machinery think of my prospects and the welfare of your country and don't contradict it."—London Tit Bits.

The First Celebration of Christmas

Christmas was first celebrated in the year 98, but it was 40 years later before it was officially adopted as a Christian festival. Nor was it until about the fifth century that the day of its celebration became permanently fixed on the 25th of December. Up to that time it had been irregularly observed at various times of the year—in December, in April and in May, but most frequently in January.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Rough on the Solons.

It was in Maine that an outspoken parson of the old school prayed "O Lord, have compassion on our bewildered representatives and senators. They have been sitting and sitting and have hatched nothing. O Lord, let them arise from their nests and go home and all the praise shall be thine."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

TURNED THE TABLES.

A STORY OF ARTEMUS WARD AND HENRY J BYRON

The Famous Wit Started In to Have Some Fun With the Dramatist, but Found In the End That He Had Met His Match at Chaffing

What follows relates to the first meeting of the late Henry J Byron and Artemus Ward. It was at the Savage club after one of the Saturday dinners, and Tom Robertson suggested to Artemus to have a tilt with Byron and, if possible, draw him out. The genial showman had only been in England a few days, but he knew Byron's "metier" and went for him in this fashion

"I fancy I have seen a face like yours before. Did you ever have a brother Alonzo?" Robertson was behind Artemus and winked at Byron.

"Alas, I had!" replied the dramatist, instantly catching the situation.

"He was a mariner, engaged on the deep?"

"That's so."

"You haven't heard of him for five years?"

Byron affected to be lost in reflection and deliberately replied "It's five years ago this very day. How curious you should mention it, sir!"

"Well, sir," replied Artemus, taking out his handkerchief and pretending to wipe away a tear, "I sailed the salt sea with your brother. We were wrecked together in the gulf of Mexico, and before help came I killed and ate him! The moment I saw you I recognized the likeness. He was a good fellow, full of tender feeling."

"I am glad you found him tender," interrupted Byron, also pulling out his handkerchief.

"But, sir, I am awfully sorry I ate him," said Artemus in the most imperturbable fashion. "Had I known I should ever meet his brother I am sure I'd have gone without food some weeks longer. But I was driven to it, and you will forgive me, won't you? I liked Alonzo," and he offered his hand to Byron, which the latter shook with cordiality.

"Excuse my emotion, won't you?" gasped Byron in his handkerchief. "He never wrote and told me what had become of him. I hope he agreed with you."

"A slight indigestion afterward. He was a little tough," replied Artemus, "but we'll not speak of that. We both suffered. He suffered most. But remember, sir, the law can't touch me now. It was stern necessity, and necessity, as you may have heard, knows no law. But I am willing to pay you damages for the loss. About what would you think a fair compensation?"

"Don't mention it," said Byron, who now thought it time to turn the tables. "I think your name is Ward?" said he.

"Yes."

"Artemus Ward?"

"Quite so."

"You had a father?"

"I had."

"He was a Yankee peddler in his own country, was he not? Sold bug pizen and fine tooth combs?"

"You've hit the comb—I mean the nail—on the head."

"He died in the black country of England, did he not?"

"He did."

"Well, I killed him. I knew you were his son the moment I laid eyes on you. He was a nice old gentleman, and I made his acquaintance in Staffordshire. He wished to go down a deep coal mine, so did I, and we went down together, had a good time, explored, lunched with the miners, drank more than was good for us and proceeded to return to Mother Earth's surface. After you have been down a mine you are fond of your mother, I assure you. The prodigal felt nothing to what I experienced. We entered the huge basket and were being slowly drawn toward the mouth of the pit when I saw the old rope was about to snap under the strain. It was a perilous, a horrible, a critical moment. The weight of two men was too great and your father was a broad, bulky man. Self preservation is the first law of nature. An instant more and we were both lost. We seemed to be about 50 feet from the top.

I hastily called your father's attention to something—implored him, in fact, to look down the mine. He did so, and as I gently tipped him over he went whirling and crashing to the bottom. It was rough on him, but I saved myself. I ciphered it out on the instant like this. He is an old man, nearly bald, deaf in one ear, two teeth gone in front, with only a few years to live. I am half his age, strong and healthy, the father of a young family, with a career before me, a comedy to finish for the Haymarket and a burlesque accepted at the Strand. Now, I ask you, under the circumstances, did I not behave nobly?"

"You did you did!" sobbed Artemus. "I would have acted that way myself."

"I am glad to find you so intelligent. You ate my brother and found him tough, and I am the assassin of your dear old father," continued Byron, keeping up the farce of pretended emotion. "We are both avenged. Let us draw a veil over the past and never allude to these heartrending incidents again."

"Agreed. We cry quits. Shake!" roared Artemus, extending both hands and dramatically dashing a flood of imaginary tears from his eyes. Then he summoned a waiter, glasses round were speedily ordered and everybody was full of congratulations upon the ready manner in which the two wits had conducted their impromptu chaff.—Exchange.

Superlatives

Dr Johnson says in his "Grammar of the English Tongue," "The comparison of adjectives is very uncertain, and, being much regulated by commodiousness of utterance, is not easily reduced to rules."

Then he quotes passages from "Paradise Lost," in which these words are found "virtuousest," "powerfullest," and a passage from "Samson Agonistes" which contains the word "famousest."

Surely Milton had an ear.—Notes and Queries.

Municipal Jealousies.

New Yorker—You are a stranger here, I presume?

Chicago Man (haughtily)—I am from the great city that New York is jealous of.

New Yorker—Ah! And how are things in dear old Lunnon!—New York Weekly.

Something for the New Year

The world-renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and their continued popularity for near half a century as a stomachic is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets Hostetter's Almanac. This medical treatise is published by the Hostetter Company, Pittsburg, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing sixty hands in that department. The issue of same for 1899 will be over eleven millions, printed in nine languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The Almanac for 1899 can be obtained free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

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We All Cling to Life.

"The strangest thing in life is the way we cling to it," said a physician whose practice has given him abundant opportunity to study the seamy side of things. "Five minutes ago I gave a dime to an old beggar man who has been coming here regularly for years. He is broken by age and tortured with an incurable cancerous malady that renders him repulsive and keeps him in continual pain. I know his history.

"He is ignorant and he has been poor. In his early life he was a sailor before the mast, and from what I can learn he suffered all the hardships of that calling without seeing any of its pleasant and adventurous side. He never married and never had any family or home. I have questioned him closely, and I have been unable to discover one scrap of genial reminiscence in the sordid, squalid, miserable record of his career. He has absolutely nothing that he can ponder over with the slightest degree of pleasure, and his present situation is simply frightful.

"He sleeps in a shed back of a negro hovel and depends on alms for his food and clothes, yet, in spite of it all, he is eager to keep on living and rebels at once at the bare thought of death. He isn't afraid, but he wants to continue to live. It's a mystery of mysteries, and the case is not exceptional either. There are plenty of others exactly like it."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Hens That Eat Their Own Eggs

As a rule, when hens have suitable food they don't eat their own eggs. To preserve eggs from being eaten under exceptional conditions there are a number of devices. There is, for instance, a nest with a bottom of woven wire with a mesh big enough to let an egg through. The egg goes through the thin layer of hay with which the nest is lined and through the wide meshed bottom to fall safely in a bed of hay underneath.

Another device is automatic and set in operation by the chicken itself when it steps off the nest. Thus relieved of the chicken's weight, the nest tilts up enough to roll the egg off into a place of safety made for its reception.

Chickens are commonly carried on deep water ships on long voyages to supply eggs for the captain's table and occasionally a fowl. Chickens at sea are more likely to eat their own eggs than they are ashore. To prevent this among the chickens carried on his vessel the captain of an American ship rigged a contrivance that answered the purpose and was adapted to the situation. He attached to the underside of the nest a chute by which the egg when laid was carried safely down to a box below.—New York Sun.

Business Before Pleasure

They were performers in the amateur theatricals. During the progress of the play at one time, while their presence was not needed on the stage, they sat together behind the scenes. She looked beautiful indeed in old fashioned gown and powdered hair, and he, in court costume of more than a century ago, was the beau ideal of a cavalier.

For some time he had been very attentive to her, and, although people had frequently remarked upon his devotion, he had not come to the point of proposing, but as they sat behind the scenes he felt that an opportune moment had arrived.

"Marie," he said, "you may not have perceived my liking, but I cannot delay. I—I want to ask you to—to be"—

Just then the prompter called the girl's name, but she never stirred.

"That's your cue," faltered the interrupted lover.

"Yes," she answered calmly enough, laying her head on his arm, "but never mind the cue. You seemed very earnest just now, and I want you to go on. What were you going to say?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Washington's Farewell to His Officers

On Dec 4 the officers of the army met in Fraunce's tavern to bid their chief farewell. Washington, as he rose and faced them, could not control his voice. He lifted a glass of wine and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." They drank in silence and Washington said, "I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand." Up they came one by one, and one by one Washington, his eyes filled with tears, embraced them and said farewell. From the tavern they followed him to the ferry where he entered his barge. As the boat moved away he rose and lifted his hat. His officers returned the salute in silence, and all was over.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

Happy Death

The queen, with all her vast power, was yet very miserable—that is to say she wasn't the least bit outre or unconventional.

"But at least," the queen was often heard to exclaim, with a cheerful smile, "I can die happily if I choose!"

By this her majesty was currently thought to make reference to the fact of her having a dress which fit so well she couldn't breathe in it.—Detroit Journal.

Wanted Him

Dealer—I'm afraid I cannot recommend this parrot madam. He swears like a sailor.

Mrs Ferry—Oh how delightful! "Shiver my toplights!" "Stow my maincalls!" and all that, I suppose?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Books written on bone, stone, bricks, tiles and oyster shells, Bibles written on palm leaves and manuscripts transcribed on bark, leather, papyrus, parchment, wood, lead, ivory and copper are among the treasures of the British museum.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are the more gentle and quiet we become toward the defects of others.—Fenelon.

The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better. Lingering colds are dangerous. Hacking cough is distressing. One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures it. Why suffer when such a cough cure is within reach? It is pleasant to the taste. A B Armstrong & Co.

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The Alcott Concord Home.

The [illegible] had caught a sun[illegible] ... [illegible] the place [illegible] ... [illegible]

... escape. It [illegible] clothed [illegible] by birch. A [illegible] served as a great parasol in summer, and beside it were apple trees, pink and white in May and red and yellow in October, which recommended the place to the fruit loving father, who called it Orchard House. In front, beyond the [illegible] and the wooded hills about Walden [illegible] a broad meadow, said to have been an ancient bed of Concord river. A charming wood path led up a little pass along the hills behind the house [illegible] with the breath of [illegible]. Mr Alcott's hands, unaided but by taste and skill, greatly beautified the place by a little terracing of the [illegible] here and there, the planting of [illegible] on the porch, and the building out of [illegible] cut on the place, of a [illegible] of [illegible] and gates and a seat around the spurs of the elm by the door."

A Literary Coincidence

Plagiarism is a literary crime the charge of which should not be made too freely, especially where a very eminent person is concerned. Positively no rule is to be responsible for many that in an outburst of indignant emotion we would lay to plagiarism. This, however, can hardly explain the following which can merely be called a remarkable coincidence. We have never heard that the genial autocrat, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was ever accused of stealing from Whittier, nor do we ever remember that any one has said that the Quaker poet borrowed from the physician. Nor do the circumstances of the present [illegible].

We picked up the other day at a second hand bookstore a copy of The Atlantic Monthly of January 1870. In it we found that the two eminent poets above mentioned while writing on totally different themes gave two lines that are strikingly alike. Mr Whittier's is "Never by lover my lips be kissed" and Dr Holmes' "Lips that lover has never kissed." It is rather an extraordinary coincidence, as we have said. How curiously and scientifically and mystically the doctor must have explained it all if his attention were ever called to it!—New York Times.

His Brain Bell.

"You know," said a man who writes things for a living, "there's a bell rings on the typewriter when you get to the end of the line to warn the operator that the end has been reached, and he must stop and take a fresh start. I have no bell in my brain, but I have something there that tells me with no less certainty when I have done my stunt and it is time for me to quit for the day. And I sometimes wonder if the gentle reader doesn't think that my brain bell ought to ring earlier."—New York Sun.

The Heiress

A Boy—Why does the rich heiress [illegible] 11

Tellum—[illegible] that lovely girl in pink at the [illegible] of the room.

[illegible]—[illegible] I say, old man, what a superb—

Tellum—Well, it isn't she. It's that grand old dame in yellow sitting next her.—London Tit Bits.

Too Much Interest

Wright—I believe a good deal of human interest could be put in a play with the scene laid in a pawnshop.

Reed—My dear boy, the interest in a pawnshop is something absolutely inhuman.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Reason

The Sweet Young Thing—But why should not women enter politics?

The Savage Bachelor—Too many bonnets there now.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mankind needs a herald like the heralds of old to go on so that all may hear the vital importance of health. The average man, if told to try, thinks it beneath his dignity to bother about his health until it is gone. Even then he only takes medicine, treats it in an indifferent, contemptuous sort of way.

Men cannot learn too soon that health is all [illegible]. [illegible] ... will say [illegible] ... a physical wreck. [illegible] ... a petite [illegible] ... [illegible] the heralds of approaching illness and disease must pay a tremendous penalty. [illegible] way there is [illegible] the equal to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a perfect appetizer, [illegible] of the liver [illegible] of the food, it purifies the blood and [illegible] the life giving elements that build firm health. It is the great blood maker and flesh builder. It cures [illegible] per cent of all cases of consumption and it is the best of all known remedies for nervous troubles. Thousands have told, over their own signatures, the stories of the wonders it has performed. Honest dealers will not urge a substitute for the sake of a little extra profit.

Thomas Fletcher of Clifton Station, Fairfax Co, Va, writes "I suffered terrible tortures for ten years with [illegible] ... at max[illegible] ... took six bottles of Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which completely cured me."

When the bowels are regular the body will feel good and the mind will be active. Dr Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little Pellet is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. All good dealers sell them and have nothing else "just as good."

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His Fighting Name

[illegible] ... Murphy [illegible] ... is quite more pathetic every time it appeared.

"No letter," said the officer one morning. "No letter for you. There is only one addressed to—let me see—to Giovanni Paladini Castellazzia—or something like that, none for you."

Murphy's face beamed with delight. "That's one for me," he said. "My name [illegible] that. I go to the recruiting office. I was wanting to go fight. Officer say 'What your name?' I say 'Giovanni Paladini Castellazzia' and he say 'Oh hell! [illegible] that no name for you. You not fit with name. You fight with gun. All that name trip you up. You be Joseph Murphy.' I be Joseph Murphy now and that is my letter."—Washington Post.

The Letter Gae.

The leader of psalmody, or precentor, in the church of Scotland used to read from his desk in front of the pulpit the successive lines of the congregational singing. He was thus "letter gae"—i.e., he that lets go—started the praise—and hence was called the "letteran" (the [illegible]). Pitching his voice to the first note of each line he proceeded to chant the words in a slow, drawling monotone, prolonging the last syllable for a little and then breaking at the head of the congregation into the music set to the words thus delivered. The effect of this would no doubt be frequently more curious and entertaining than edifying and solemn, and strange developments must occasionally have occurred. The position required not only the musical qualifications, but also the literary attainments of the leader, and there are parts of the metrical version of the Psalms used in Scotland which must have put loyal precentors on their mettle.—Notes and Queries.

Glove Cutters

The cutters of the great glove houses at Prussia and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most famous tailors in London and New York.

So difficult is this art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in this business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.—New York Tribune.

Cumulative Evidence

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COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday June 18 1898.

EASTWARD			STATIONS.	WESTWARD		
A M	A M	P M		A M	P M	A M
8.40	7.18	8.10	Ulysses	7.31	2.30	10.06
8.27	7.10	1.59	Crowell	7.41	2.36	10.16
8.?3		1.56	Carpenter		2.41	10.19
8.19		1.53	Perkins		2.44	10.22
8.15	7.02	1.50	Harrison Jct	7.47	2.48	10.26
		1.45	Newfield	7.51	2.60	10.36
7.55	6.54	1.41	Gold	7.55	2.54	10.40
7.40	6.49	1.35	Raymond	8.00	3.00	10.56
7.30	6.40	1.24	Seven Bridges	8.11	3.11	11.06
7.10	6.30	1.21	Colesburg	8.16	3.16	11.14
7.00	6.26	1.15	Yocum	8.21	3.21	11.20
		1.10	Nor C port			
6.45	6.15	1.00	Coudersport	8.36	3.36	11.30
5.20	7.57	12.52				
		12.49	Hammond			
4.05	7.50	12.46	Olmsted	8.46	6.05	1.27
3.55	7.46	12.40	Mina	8.50	6.10	1.32
3.48		12.35	Knowlton		6.15	1.40
3.40		12.32	Roulette	9.00	6.21	1.44
3.35	7.29	12.29	Burtville	9.05	6.26	1.51
3.20	7.25	12.25	Coleman			
			Chemical Works			
3.10	7.18	12.10	Port Allegany	9.21	6.40	2.24
P M	A M	P M	Dep't Arrive	A M	P M	P M

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

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Time Table taking Effect June 5th, 1898.

LEAVE SMETHPORT

8:20 A M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting with P & W for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

10:30 A M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

5:25 P M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train 10 for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport, daily except Sunday, at 9:20 a. m., 1:35 p. m. and 7:30 p. m.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
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Bradford, Pa.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE — WESTERN NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA

In effect April 18, 1898.

Trains leave Smethport for [illegible] Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows

Buffalo Express daily except Sunday [illegible]
Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday [illegible]
Local for Olean [illegible]
Train leaving Smethport 2 [illegible] at Olean with River Division for Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg

For Clermont and points south
Clermont Local daily except Sunday [illegible]
Clermont Accom. daily except Sunday [illegible]
Clermont Accom. daily except Sunday [illegible]
Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south
Mail daily except Sunday [illegible]
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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov 21 1898

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD

[illegible]

WESTWARD

[illegible]

THROUGH TRAINS FOR EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH

[illegible]

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD

NORTH		Week days STATIONS.	SOUTH	
A M	Lv		Ar	A M
8 55		Ridgway		[illegible]
9 10		Johnsonburg		[illegible]
[illegible]		Bridges		[illegible]
[illegible]		Glen Hazel		[illegible]
[illegible]		Straight		[illegible]
9 40		Instanter		[illegible]
9 55		Smith's Run		[illegible]
[illegible]		Woodvale		[illegible]
11 00		Clermont		[illegible]
A. M.				

Connections are made with trains at Johnsonburg [illegible] and at Ridgway with trains leaving [illegible] for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J B HUTCHINSON, General Manager
J R WOOD, Gen'l Pass'r Agt

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE

[illegible]

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND

[illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT—SOUTH BOUND

[illegible]

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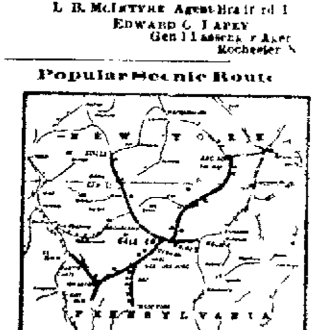

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD

Condensed time table in effect June [illegible]

[illegible]

All trains daily except Sunday

CONNECTIONS

At Keating Summit with [illegible]
At Ansonia with [illegible]
At Newfield Jct with C & P A R R
At Genesee with N Y & P R R
At Addison with Erie R R
At Wellsville with Erie R R

H C UNDERHILL, Gen'l Supt, Buffalo N Y
C W GOODYEAR, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo N Y
W W ATWOOD, Superintendent, Addison N Y
W C PARK, Gen'l Pass'r Agt

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R R

To take effect at 5 o'clock a.m., Monday [illegible]

South		Stations		North
[illegible]		Clermont		[illegible]
[illegible]		Chaffee		[illegible]
[illegible]		Wildwood		[illegible]
[illegible]		North Fork		[illegible]
[illegible]		Ray Fork		[illegible]
[illegible]		Gray Gables		[illegible]
7 40	Ar Lv	St. Marys	Lv Ar	[illegible]
7 44		Kaul		[illegible]
7 51		Daleth		[illegible]
[illegible]		Grill		[illegible]
[illegible]		Gillen		[illegible]
[illegible]		Paine		[illegible]
[illegible]		Centreville		[illegible]
[illegible]		Dague Crossing		[illegible]
[illegible]		Shelvey Summit		[illegible]
[illegible]		Cross		[illegible]
[illegible]		Thompson		[illegible]
[illegible]		Curry		[illegible]
[illegible]		Bear Camp		[illegible]
[illegible]		Wilson		[illegible]
[illegible]		Hyde		[illegible]
[illegible]		Shawmut		[illegible]

NEW

WAGON and CARRIAGE SHOP.

Having purchased the wood work [illegible] ment of C W Lilgendahl I am prepared [illegible] all kinds of

WAGON and CARRIAGE WORK

CARRIAGE PAINTING done in latest style

JOHN SERVATIUS, Smethport, Pa.